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CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK	405	MIDDLES (<i>continued</i>):		CORRESPONDENCE (<i>continued</i>):	
LEADING ARTICLES:		Rameau: I.—The Man and his Art.		Mr. Cameron Corbett's Position. By	
After Newcastle.	408	By Arthur Symons	414	Marr Grieve and another	420
A Lesson for Home Rulers	409	The Sacred Bird. By W. H. Hudson	415	Colonel Seely and New York State	
The Situation in Belgium	410	Presumably Pilfered	416	Unemployment. By G. Graham	
The End of the Book War	411	A Climber's World	417	Anderson	421
THE CITY	412	The Arab in his own Country. By		REVIEWS:	
INSURANCE:		L. March Philipps	418	The Golden Age	422
The Settlement of Claims	412	VERSE:		Education in Morality	423
MIDDLES:		Poetry and Prose. By Theodore Watts-		Life in Italy	424
The Horse. By Earl Egerton of Tatton	413	Dunton	418	The Mystery of Buddhism	425
		CORRESPONDENCE:		Diana Mallory	425
		What to Do with a Plot. By A. C.		NOVELS	426
		Fox-Davies	419	SHORTER NOTICES	426

We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications: and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Lord Tweedmouth's resignation of his office is not of any political moment. But it has served to show how uneasy some of the stauncher supporters of the Government are after the cruel blow they got at Newcastle. Actually, in announcing on their bills "Resignation of a Minister", they added the words "No Changes in the Cabinet". All honour to the newspaper that can consider the interests of its party before even its own circulation! We imagine there may be a slight change, none the less, but nothing that can possibly expose the Government to the remotest electoral danger. A Government which, immediately after a blow like Newcastle, ran the smallest risk over such an office as the Lord Presidency would be foolish indeed.

We regret much the cause of Lord Tweedmouth's resignation, and hope that he will soon completely recover. Lord Tweedmouth was a strong Whip. Perhaps there was never a stronger. But he is more than that. He has always been zealous in public, as in party, service; and, in the incident a few months ago, he may have been more unfortunate than anything else. We are surprised however to read now the authoritative statement that he was transferred from the Admiralty simply because of his health. Why, if this were so, did Lord Tweedmouth himself state that he was transferred because Mr. Asquith held strongly that the First Lord should be in the House of Commons? The truth is, it is very hard as a rule to explain such changes. Prime Ministers much dislike them being enquired into.

How silly it is—to say nothing stronger—of the papers and people who support the Licensing Bill to deride and belittle the demonstration of last Sunday. It was just as respectable and orderly, and at the same

time just as little use, as inconvenient and as great a nuisance, as all such processions have become. In some ways Sunday, to which special exception has been made, was less inconvenient; though we are afraid it would throw more additional duties on the police on that day than any other. We do not know which is the more ludicrous: Sir John Kennaway objecting to Sunday because really he is a Licensing Bill man, or Lord Ridley, who maintains that all church-goers took part in the procession, in a spiritual sense, because they would listen with bowed heads to the commandment "Thou shalt not steal". But after all we are entitled to get amusement out of discussions about the Bill.

The time is very near when we shall be again in the thick of these discussions. When Parliament meets the Newcastle election will be found to have had far more influence on the Government than any number of demonstrations would have. Mr. Haldane and Mr. Lloyd George have made speeches which appear uncompromising, though Mr. Haldane suggested that the Government are prepared to reconsider the period of the time limit. The decision really rests with the House of Lords, and it is not possible that it will pass the Bill as it stands. Even if it will not pass the second reading of the Bill, what can the Government do? After Newcastle they cannot hope much from the constituencies. That the Government will not risk all on the hazard of a die is evident from Mr. Lloyd George's threat of imposing heavy licence duties. But he should not be so confident about leaping the stile before he gets to it.

Once more the daily Unionist press is full of letters on the question how to win the next election. Perhaps these discussions do no harm at times, though naturally they afford merriment to the other side. At any rate it is better to wash your soiled linen in public than not to wash it at all. Lord Wemyss' letter on this subject is perhaps the most singular. He wants a "judicial" commission on the whole tariff question. Meanwhile, till it reports, both tariff and anti-tariff sections of the party are to lay down their arms. What an odd moment to make this proposal, just when Mr. Renwick, tariff reformer, wins Newcastle by a large majority! Lord Wemyss, however, is a humourist.

We shrewdly suspect, moreover, that Lord Wemyss would like his "judicial" commission to last longer than the trial of Warren Hastings. One generation impeached Warren Hastings, another generation acquitted him. Lord Wemyss would like one generation to appoint his exhaustive inquiry on behalf of the party, and the next generation—say twenty years hence—to hear the report. Lord Wemyss certainly does not deserve the famous reproach Lord Randolph Churchill flung at Mr. Gladstone.

An article in the "Cornhill" makes some strange revelations about the negotiations between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Chamberlain over the first Home Rule Bill. Mr. Labouchere's job seems to have been to fetch and carry between the two. In a letter to Mr. Lucy—deliberately written for publication!—Mr. Labouchere uses the exquisite word "thimble-rigger" of his old leader Mr. Gladstone. But that is not the worst thing Mr. Labouchere has to say of Mr. Gladstone. He calls him a "baby". The whole of the negotiations—on the Home Rule side—appear to breathe an air of trickery. If they are amusing, they are also somewhat disgusting. We prefer the plane on which Lord Morley moves.

Progress in the settlement of the difficulty in Morocco during the last week has been distinctly gratifying, and both France and Germany have shown an accommodating disposition. The French and Spanish Governments have been engaged in drawing up a second note to meet the objections raised by Germany to the first. Certain demands have been eliminated, which might have given offence to Mulai Hafid, but it would be well to defer comment until the text is given to the world. The Casablanca incident seems also likely to end without much trouble. So far as we have any correct information, the German Consul's procedure in the matter would seem to have been high-handed and ultra vires, for the Foreign Legion is an integral part of the French army, not a band of volunteers allowed to come and go as fancy dictates.

Affairs in the Near East do not look very promising, for the latest news is that the Bulgarian Cabinet has resolved to maintain its hold on the railway. If the Turkish Government consents to negotiate under these conditions, the matter may be settled without much difficulty in the end, but, as affairs stand, there is naturally some tension and much nervousness. Undoubtedly the marked attentions paid to Prince Ferdinand when he visited Buda Pesth have both raised the hopes of Bulgarian "forwards" and agitated Europe. There is an uneasy feeling that Austria-Hungary wants to make a move on her own behalf, and is willing to help Bulgarian ambitions for her own ends. The facts which militate against this view are the experience and pacific disposition of the Emperor and the common-sense of Bulgaria.

If the Principality were really to embark on war, either for the purpose of assuring an independence which is not in truth menaced or of maintaining her grip on a railway in direct contravention of the Treaty of Berlin, she might not improbably wreck all the prospects which have been laboriously built up by many years of prudent preparation and hard work. In the existing depletion of the Turkish forces, and her own condition of advanced preparation, she might be able to reach Constantinople before the winter. But in this event she might have Serbia attacking her in flank, though the hostility of Greece she could perhaps ignore. While all counsels of prudence would be against such a step, it must not be forgotten that she will hardly ever find such a chance again for a promenade to the Bosphorus.

Meanwhile the Bulgarian Government have done well to recall their Minister to this country, whose indiscretions, after so short a period in office, are certainly remarkable, and, as they appear not to have been calculated, display a very undiplomatic naïveté. The municipal elections in Constantinople have brought in so many Greeks that the Mohammedan populace

is getting agitated. The prospect, indeed, of being governed by a majority of Christians will never appeal to the Turkish man in the street, and therein lies the danger of a Parliament and its potentialities. It is quite true that Armenians and Greeks have for years to a great extent controlled the country, but that was only in their capacity as agents of the Padishah, a very different thing from membership of a representative assembly. The best sign of the moment is the moderate and conciliatory tone of both Turkish and Bulgarian journals.

Bitterness and excitement increase daily in the Presidential contest, but the only "live" issue is that of the Trusts in the form in which it has been introduced by Mr. Hearst. The one result of his interference at present is of course to demonstrate that in this matter both parties are equally untrustworthy. President Roosevelt's entry upon the scene may help Mr. Taft, but it only serves to show the extreme undesirability of a Chief Magistrate being, while in office, before all things a furious partisan. In fact, Mr. Taft and Mr. Bryan seem much less embittered against one another than is Mr. Roosevelt against the Democrats; they were only prevented the other day by an accident from having tea together in a friendly way. The Republicans have been making great play with an alleged letter of ex-President Cleveland, which there is little doubt was forged. The New York "Times" has been victimised by some Transatlantic Pigott.

Mr. Hearst has shown his wonted astuteness in his choice of the Independent party's candidate for the Presidency. Mr. Hisgen is probably the only business man in the United States who has fought the Standard Oil Trust and grown rich in the process. A very interesting account of his career appears in the "Times" of Wednesday. During the last phase of the struggle, he and his brother called on their customers to help them, and they did; and in the end the Hisgen brothers dictated the price of cart-wheel grease to the Standard Oil Trust. The tale might be worked up into a thrilling romance if Mr. Norris were only with us to treat it as he did the contests of the wheat-pit at Chicago. "Something poetic lurks" even in axle grease. Mr. Hisgen has no chance of winning, but Mr. Hearst has so cleverly thrown the limelight on him that Mr. Taft becomes very dull in comparison. Mr. Bryan is never dull, and may concentrate the eyes of the public upon himself again at any moment.

Affairs in Persia do not seem to improve, and the agreement between England and Russia, though it saves many complications, has at present neither secured the confidence of the Reform party nor the compliance of the Shah with the demands of the two Powers. The fighting round Tabriz has not reduced the insurgents, and there is no prospect now of the Shah's troops, mostly professional brigands, reducing the district to obedience, for the winter in that mountainous region is rapidly approaching. The insurgents will soon have to be left to their own devices in complete independence for six months. Their example will therefore spread, and the party of disaffection throughout the country will be immensely strengthened. It would be folly to allege that the Shah deserves any sympathy, but no country is the better for being a prey to anarchy, which is the present condition of Persia.

It is no doubt all to the good that the Shah is not able to play off England against Russia, but it is certainly disappointing that the two when united cannot oblige him to act as they wish. The situation is not relieved by the fact that a Russian subject in command of a band of Cossacks is the principal executant of the Shah's will in Teheran. It is easy to imagine the kind of comment that would be made in our newspapers if Russophobia were now fashionable among us. It is only fair to the Parliamentary party to point out that while they have hitherto treated all foreigners with propriety the Shah's bandits have been robbing and ill-using a French traveller. It is reported that England and Russia have issued another representation to the

Shah demanding a clearer answer from him as to the elections for the new Mejliss. The Nationalists apparently desire a Concert of all the Powers instead of an agreement between England and Russia alone. Experience of the Concert does not encourage us to hope for its introduction into Persia.

With one exception the assassination of the anarchist approver Gosain was denounced by the whole Indian press, native and European. The "Pioneer"—hitherto the recognised organ of sane and conservative Anglo-Indian opinion and occasionally the unofficial mouthpiece of the Government—published something like an extenuation and described the act as one of self-devotion, and referred to Harmodius and Aristogiton! Bengali youths responded by canonising the editor and the patriot martyrs. The Bengali press took the hint and burst into applause. It explained its earlier utterances by confessing that it was afraid to say what it really thought till encouraged by the noble example of the "Pioneer". The other Anglo-Indian papers, properly horrified, declared roundly that if the "Pioneer" had an Indian editor he would have been laid by the heels. There is one possible explanation. The "Pioneer", knowing the hypocrisy of its Bengali confrères, laid a trap for them. The device is old. Did not Defoe use something akin to it in his "Shortest Way with the Dissenters"?

The effect of Mr. Tilak's sentence to transportation has been forthwith weakened by the local Government commuting his sentence to simple imprisonment in an Indian gaol. This curious act of weakness, though it may be humiliating to Mr. Tilak, is so encouraging to his followers and so inconsistent with the firm language of Lord Minto's Bombay Government, that the "Pioneer" said that pressure was brought to bear by the India Office on the Bombay Government. Lord Morley has denied this and the "Pioneer" has apologised. Meanwhile the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, who is about to retire, has compared himself to Job Charnock, the founder of Calcutta; he has been so hampered and thwarted by higher authorities.

Australia has shown an excellent example to the rest of the Empire by passing a Bill which enforces a short period of military training on all able-bodied citizens. From the age of twelve to eighteen all are liable under its provisions to serve as cadets, and from eighteen to twenty-five in the defence forces of the Commonwealth. The Act will not be retrospective, and will only apply to those who reach the age of eighteen after it has come into force. The period of service in the defence force is eighteen days' attendance annually in the first three years, and seven days in the last five. No one who fails to comply with these conditions is eligible for employment in the Commonwealth service, to vote, or to receive an old-age pension. In introducing the Bill Mr. Ewing stated that it was necessary because every commandant in Australia had declared that the voluntary system had broken down, as it has done here.

The Australian Bill would seem to be framed very much on the lines advocated by Lord Roberts and the National Service League. It recognises that it is the duty of an able-bodied citizen to qualify himself to serve his country in some military capacity. In any case it is a great advance on anything which has been attempted in this country, and it is much more effective than any of Mr. Haldane's visionary schemes. A correspondence has been carried on in the "Times" as to the effect of Lord Roberts' scheme on the Navy. He has since written a letter pointing out that the National Service League proposals in no way touched the Navy or the regular Army either. As the members of these two forces have to serve a large proportion of their time abroad, recruiting for the regular forces must of course be voluntary. This point, too, we recognised when some years ago we worked out the details of a conscription scheme as applied to this country.

A new kind of congress of a very grandiose kind has been holding its first meeting in London during the week. This is the Moral Education Congress, and many

of its members have been appointed by their Governments as representatives; many of the Governments of the civilised world, Oriental and Occidental, giving their support to it. Most schools of religious and non-religious thought have taken part in it: and it must have been a moral education in itself for so many diametrically opposed persons to listen to each other patiently. It would be a formidable task to attempt a synthesis even of the opinions which have some reasonable basis of science and ethics: and quite hopeless to discriminate between these and the personal egoisms, pedantries and affectations expressed in the others. A Moral Education Congress even more than other congresses gives opportunity for faddists and cranks. There is no check on them, as there is in the positive sciences, by well-established laws and principles.

We do not find that anybody had the slightest doubt as to answering the old question of Greek philosophy—Can virtue be taught?—in the affirmative. It does not seem to have been mentioned, but this must be implied or what would be the good of a Moral Education Congress? Perhaps the best thing that showed itself in the congress was the agreement that a great deal of actual teaching has as little moral content as it is possible for any kind of intellectual training to have. In this connexion the addresses of the Headmasters of Eton and Westminster and others on the contrasts between the public and the elementary schools will be the most suggestive. The best influences of the public schools cannot exist in the elementary as the circumstances are so immensely different. Suppose the effect if it were possible to transfer the masters of the public to the elementary schools. And of course the organisation of the religious life of the public schools and of games cannot be reproduced under the same conditions in the elementary as in the public schools. But as to games and exercises helpful to moral discipline there is and will be great improvement in the elementary schools. We commend the speech of Dr. Gow on the religious atmosphere of the public schools to those who say jeeringly that the Bible teaching of the public schools is exactly like that of the elementary schools.

As a business proposition there is nothing to be said, even by those who most sympathise with the cotton operatives, in favour of the continuance of the cotton strike. Mr. Snowden condemns the employers' action as "premature, unfair, and unjust" after several years of unparalleled prosperity. But he does not consider the operatives are wise in using their trade union funds now in resisting the reduction of their wages. The men are divided, and if it were not for the cardroom workers there would be no strike. As the distress increases the attitude of the carders will be condemned more than it is at present by working-class opinion. Thousands of other workmen are brought to distress by reduction of wages. Twenty-five thousand colliers, for instance, have had their wages reduced, as the price of coal has gone down through the falling-off of demand. The cotton operatives themselves are losing £150,000 a week in wages and their funds are depleted every week to the extent of £60,000 in strike pay. They are thus losing £210,000 a week.

Taking off trains at the end of the holiday season has nothing to do with the economies of amalgamation which are causing such dissatisfaction amongst railway servants. Though we are having such an extraordinary outburst of holiday weather the season must come to an end, and with it there is always a large reduction of trains. So that some railway servants like many other servants are only seasonal workers, and fall out in ordinary times. It is satisfactory that all the companies say nothing has happened but the ordinary resumption of the winter service, and no more trains have been taken off than is usual at this time of year.

As to some other dismissals, for instance of goods guards on the Midland, they are giving rise to a great deal of unrest amongst the employees. Dismissals of men may of course involve questions of other men working too many hours, and though the men may be paid overtime, there is still the danger to the public to be considered. Thus the dismissed guards of the Midland

have taken their grievances to the Board of Trade. The wages controversy the Conciliation Boards can deal with; but these quarrels about dismissals when many are working too long have become more acute with the new policy of the companies. They are a danger that may become critical at any moment.

The exploit of Mr. D. S. Windell has caught on—probably as much from the stroke of humour in the name as from the cleverness and coolness of the thief. If the detectives would only now show themselves as clever they would be admired more than Mr. D. S. Windell. It is not possible however to admire the foresight of the bank officials, who seem never to have thought of this particular kind of fraud. Or it might have been confidence in the incorruptible honesty of every member of their staff. At any rate it now presents itself as an obviously easy thing for a clerk to have been an accomplice with Mr. D. S. Windell. After some days' reflection the detectives say this does not strike them as the explanation. This is better than learning that some weak misguided clerk has been corrupted and mastered by the wiles of a clever scoundrel.

While experiments with the aeroplane are being so feebly made in this country Mr. Wilbur Wright at Le Mans has successfully satisfied all the tests set for a practicable aeroplane. At Woolwich apparently as far as they have got is to run the machine on the ground to see if the motors will work. There is a pretty story of the purchase, for £20,000, of Mr. Wright's patents in France by a M. Weiller, who has already ordered fifty machines to be made. He is going to organise aerial sports. For war purposes he intends France shall have the sole benefit. Five thousand aeroplanes will not cost more than one battleship, and no fleet in the world could exist with swarms of these "aerial engines" dropping explosives on board. What good news for the Liberal Government! They can stop shipbuilding.

Another story which indicates that airships and aeroplanes have become important affairs of state is that of the quarrel between Count Zeppelin and Major von Gross, also the inventor of a military airship. Count Zeppelin wants to fight Major von Gross for stating that not he but an Austrian officer named Schwarz is the real inventor of the kind of airship with which Count Zeppelin's glory and disaster are associated. Count Zeppelin has been solemnly warned that he must not fight: he is in the position of an officer before the enemy, and must not think of redressing his private wrongs until he has done his duty to the nation. To use what is perhaps an aeronautic expression, there is a good deal of "hot air" about these stories: as the American papers say of the quarrel of Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Bryan.

Nominally pheasant-shooting begins this week. In practice few driven birds are shot till later in the season. Mr. W. H. Hudson in the SATURDAY REVIEW to-day protests against the sacrifice of so much wild life to "the sacred bird". It is a great pity that the sport should be overdone, as we fear it is in some places. Mr. Hudson, however, is too reasonable to go the length of saying that English field sport should be stopped. Pheasant-shooting is a sport where a great deal of skill—skill of the eye and nerve—is needed. The story that it is to-day like shooting the fowls or the haystacks in the farmyard is a story for greenhorns. English field sports, foxhunting especially, have done much for English manhood. We advise those who wish to study the question to start by reading the life of Assheton-Smith, a great hunter and a splendid Englishman in heart, head and hand.

The amusing feature of the settlement between the "Times" and the publishers is the new relationship between the "Times" and Mr. Murray. The giants have not only shaken hands after the fight—they have gone into partnership. The capital of this enterprise is not, as some might have suggested, £7500, but "The Letters of Queen Victoria"! Peace and plenty reign all round.

AFTER NEWCASTLE.

WHEN Parliament meets the atmosphere of the House of Commons will have very perceptibly changed. Liberals have begun to get nervous and they will show it. True, the Conservative successes gained in the bye-elections have not altered very much the numerical proportions of political parties in the House, but there is something more than numbers to be taken into account in politics. Big battalions may win if they are under competent leadership, and if the disintegration of their moral has not begun from any cause. Otherwise they quickly go to pieces, and few battalions under a clever leader fighting for causes that arouse their enthusiasm look forward to every fresh engagement as a new opportunity of victory. Is not this a fair description of the position of the Liberal and Conservative parties at the present moment—a week after the election at Newcastle? Every bye-election now contains the promise of another defeat for the Liberal candidate, and must be anticipated with gloomy forebodings by the Government. What now remains for Mr. Asquith or Mr. Lloyd George to say when the next bye-election comes which they have not already made the most of as a persuasive and incentive to the electors to vote for the Government? At every election they have made exactly the same kind of appeal, and in nine cases out of twelve the result has been the defeat of Liberal candidates and large increases in the votes given to the successful Unionists. In London constituencies as in the provincial, whether urban or rural, the answer has been the same. Newcastle sums up and is the epitome in itself of the whole position. There has been in all the instances a Liberal free trade candidate pledged to that policy as the essential fact of the Government's very existence. Without it the Government would not be in being at all. In proportion as preference and tariff reform policy in the wise and reasonable form in which Mr. Balfour puts it makes headway, to that extent does the Government position become precarious, and its downfall must follow on the triumph of this policy. Every Liberal knows this and the Government newspapers would not trouble so much about the defeats of the bye-elections if they could explain them on any other ground. They display all their agility, use every argumentative subtlety and every variety of special pleading to evade the one explanation of them they dread most.

They would even rather admit that the bye-elections show the electors to be against the Licensing Bill, and indifferent to the Education Bill, than confess that one simple fact brings the real issue always to the test. In every case lately where the Government has been defeated it has not been simply by a Unionist candidate, but by one claiming the votes of the electors because he was a tariff reformer, as Mr. Renwick did at Newcastle. This is a prime fact of the situation. But let Liberals have what consolation they can by refusing to admit it. What do they gain? Suppose that the return of some tariff reformers in place of some free traders implies that the constituencies are still in favour of free traders—a striking absurdity—it must at least imply that the other measures and the policy of the Government are disapproved. They have been rejected at Newcastle and most of the other bye-elections; and if this is so there is every probability that the same will happen at other bye-elections and at the General Election of which they are the ominous forerunners. How different the attitude of the House of Commons would be towards the Licensing Bill if Mr. Shortt and not Mr. Renwick were about to take his seat for Newcastle! And so we may go through every item in the Government's programme which has been before the electors or is to be proposed by the Government to the House of Commons.

Even Newcastle perhaps hardly adds much moral force to the opposition against the Education Bill. The policy of the Government has here failed altogether without any bye-elections. It has been impotent from the beginning. If there were one aim that the Government had more than another it was to win over the working classes by promises of labour legislation and social measures. If it won for the moment on the

questions of preference and tariff reform it had to try other things to keep the working classes quiet. It tried the Miners' Eight Hours Bill, and in Newcastle, the greatest industrial constituency and the typical miners' district, as well as in Peckham, the Bill was one of the issues of the election. To explain away the defeat of the Liberal candidate the Liberal newspapers have ascribed it to the opposition of "selfish" interests against the Eight Hours Bill. As if party politics were anything else but the balance of selfish interests of one kind and another! But, at any rate, there is the confession from their own lips of the failure of one of their baits to working men in working-class constituencies. Will Mr. Asquith ever have the courage again to write another such letter at an election time as that he wrote to Mr. Shortt? We have passed an Old Age Pensions Act; we are in the midst of our projects for improving the condition of the working classes. We are going to deal with unemployment and we are going to improve the Poor Law out of all recognition. This is the alternative policy which was to "dish" tariff reform! At a critical moment, when many reasoning Liberals admit that preference or tariff reform has made progress, it is put to the Newcastle electors and they return Mr. Renwick. Lord Cromer and other free traders of his school may be imagined standing by and exclaiming: "We told you so; the more you bring forward these schemes the more clearly it will be seen you are barred for want of revenue. This will bring tariff reform to the front and it will be all over with free trade." Lord Cromer and his associates are right. It does look as if the alternative "constructive policy" of free traders will be presented in vain to the electors.

And there is further perturbation from a quarter quite different awaiting Liberalism before long. Did not Lord Rosebery protest his attachment to free trade some time ago, and declare that though he loved free trade he hated socialism more? The issue seemed to him socialism or tariff reform. This is exactly the mood of several Liberal capitalists who are kicking already against the measures that the Government are contemplating and which are to be the antidote to the tariff reform virus that is spreading so alarmingly through the constituencies. If the choice is to be between socialism and tariff reform they may even prefer tariff reform. Liberal free trade newspapers have often foretold that if the party became solely or principally a free trade party it would be sterilised. This is what they tell Lord Rosebery, Lord Cromer, and other free traders. Whether the counsels of these eminent and wealthy adherents prevail or not, the bye-elections appear fairly evident signs that the process of sterilisation is well on its way. The party is having a bad attack of nerves. Even the retirement of Lord Tweedmouth made it jump. The "Daily News" hastened to reassure its readers. Was there not Lord Lochie ready to step into the breach; who indeed but he would restore confidence to the party and prevent the spread of a panic!

A LESSON FOR HOME RULERS.

IT is now more than twelve months since we drew attention to the family jar between Hungary and Croatia and to the important bearing which it has upon the question of Home Rule for Ireland. We pointed out that the success of Home Rule in Croatia was a pet topic with Mr. Gladstone. In his attempt to solve the Irish question he proposed to retain the Irish members in the Imperial Parliament for Irish and Imperial questions alone. In this absurd popping in and out scheme he made the Croatian Constitution his model for the solution of the Home Rule problem. Since then the author of the "Sinn Fein" pamphlet "The Resurrection of Hungary" has asked his simple Irish readers to believe that the national independence of Hungary has brought nothing but happiness and prosperity to the many nationalities who inhabit the Cisleithian provinces of the Dual Monarchy. It is hard to say whether he has wilfully or not ignored the fact that Croats, Roumanians, Slovaks, Serbs, Ruthenians and Saxons are far more discontented under Hungarian than they ever were under Austrian rule, and bitterly resent the attempts made by the Magyar majority to destroy their

separate national existence. In no part of Hungary is this policy more deeply resented than in Croatia, whose people maintain that it is a separate and independent kingdom which has never been subordinate to Hungary but only connected with her by the "golden link of the Crown". It will be remembered how when Hungary was engaged in her struggle with Austria the members of the Hungarian Coalition made a compact with those of the Serbo-Croat Coalition in Croatia, and that the terms of this were embodied in the Fiume Resolutions of October 1905. A liberal electoral system was to be established; liberty of the press, of public meeting and of association were to be conceded to Croatia; the independence of the Bench was to be guaranteed; civil interests and political rights were to be free from administrative interference, and the terms of the Croato-Hungarian Compromise of 1868 were to be enforced. True, when the new Hungarian Government came into office some very substantial concessions were made in this direction, and there seemed some prospect of a peaceful settlement until, in an evil moment for both countries, M. Francis Kossuth introduced his States Railway Bill, which made the knowledge of Magyar compulsory for every official on that part of the Hungarian States Railway which runs through Croatia, notwithstanding the fifty-seventh paragraph of the "Compromise", providing that Croatian shall be the official language of the Central Government of Croatia and Slavonia. The members of the Serbo-Croat Coalition who had up to this supported the Hungarian Government determined to do all they could to resist this obnoxious provision by obstructing every clause of the Bill in the Parliament at Budapest.

Their indignation was therefore still more accentuated when the Government passed the Bill into law by Ministerial Ordinance and thus suppressed all discussion of its provisions. This was a most unfortunate act by the Hungarian Coalition, whose chief grievance against Count Tisza's Government had been his adoption of this very policy, and Croats were fully justified in taunting them with their inconsistency. Their protests were however of no avail, and the States Railway Bill became law. This action of the Hungarian Government has been bitterly resented throughout Croatia and Slavonia. Count Pejacević, the Ban, was a strong supporter of the Compromise of 1868, and had no alternative but to resign office, together with the members of his Government. He was succeeded by Dr. von Rakodscay, the President of the Court of Appeal, who hoped he would be able to unite all the friends of the Compromise of 1868 into a Unionist party. He was however not only unable to secure the Ministers he wanted, but when Parliament met last December was impeached and found himself deserted by the Hungarian Government. He therefore sent in his resignation at the beginning of this year. Rakodscay's successor is made of sterner stuff; but it can scarcely be argued that up to this his Administration has achieved its object. His first aim was to secure a Parliament favourable to his policy. At the previous General Election some twenty Unionists had been returned; but last February this party was absolutely wiped out of existence. The Serbo-Croat Coalition increased its strength by fifty per cent., and the Starčević, or "States Rights" party, who repudiated the Compromise of 1868, won four seats. Parliament was then summoned in March, and began to take steps towards the impeachment of the Ban. It was therefore immediately adjourned, and has not met since then for the transaction of business. The country has however been governed by the Ban and his Ministers, and taxes have been levied for the cost of administration. Forty-five per cent. of these taxes must be returned to Croatia and spent as the Diet directs. This provision has not been observed. The Ban has attempted to conciliate his opponents by developing the resources of the country, and has succeeded in a few cases. Some members of the Starčević are quite ready to consult with him on such subjects without abating one jot of their national pretensions. He can boast that the Osiek Social Democrats have asked him to establish a sanatorium there out of the taxes, although no money can be so allocated constitutionally, whilst within the last few days the Mayor and Town Council of Koprivnica gave him one of the few cordial receptions he has received in return

for his recognition of their right to place a technical school upon the rates. These are however but isolated instances. The Croats are a patient people who are not given to violent demonstrations; still they have shown their feelings pretty plainly at Agram and elsewhere. If they have not been downright violent, it is because they believe a policy of passive resistance will conciliate public opinion in Austria and abroad and pay better in the long run. They also hope that the Ban will summon Parliament before the end of the year. One deputy, M. Stepan Radić, has gone so far as to propose in the "Dom" that should the "Sabor" not be summoned by 1 October all parties should meet together, form a deputation to the Emperor-King, and ask him to summon Parliament of his own authority. Should his Majesty refuse to receive this deputation or give an unsatisfactory reply, a manifesto should be issued to the people of Croatia declaring that all constitutional connexion between Croatia and Hungary has come to an end. Croatia is to send no more delegates to the Parliament at Budapest. Croats are to carry on no further negotiations with the members of the Hungarian Parliament, and Croatia is then to be regarded as absolutely independent within the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. Meanwhile Baron Paul Rauch is showing in every way his determination that Hungary shall be treated as master in Croatia. Domiciliary visits are constantly being made either in private houses or in newspaper offices in the hope of securing proofs of the alleged conspiracy to establish a "Greater Serbia" independent of Austria-Hungary, meetings are being suppressed as dangerous to the public peace, speeches are forbidden, associations are dissolved, the circulation of Servian newspapers is stopped, men are being arrested for singing patriotic songs, and imprisoned on such charges as political agitation, *lèse-majesté* and high treason; in fact the whole country is being governed as if martial law had been proclaimed and all constitutional liberty had been suspended. This is however only accentuating the ill-feeling, and it remains to be seen which will prevail, the despotism of Magyar or the dogged pertinacity of Croat. The Magyar could rely upon his numbers, his wealth and his political influence, and might win, were it not that other issues are rapidly coming to the front. The question of the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina to the Austrian Empire is being seriously debated in the Austrian press and is strongly advocated by those who wish to see her hemmed in on all sides by a ring of Slav nationalities, who will in the long run prove the strongest guarantee for her national independence. The populations of Bosnia and Herzegovina are however divided into Croats and Serbs, the latter of whom would much prefer to be absorbed in a "Greater Serbia". There is a strong feeling in Croatia that nothing should be done until parliamentary government has been given, when the views of Mussulmans in the occupied provinces will have to be consulted, and they will be able to throw their influence on to one side or the other. This new development may at any moment make the Croatian question one of European importance and emphasise the necessity of conciliating public opinion in Croatia; for Hungary would necessarily be more hostile to the creation of a "Greater Serbia" than even to that of a "Greater Croatia".

These problems, which are still in their infancy, can be most profitably studied on the spot by whoever cares to undertake the journey to Agram, that most fascinating of Austrian towns, which can be reached in forty-five hours through Paris, Salzburg, and Gratz by the Orient Express. Englishmen and Irishmen will there learn two invaluable lessons. They will see that the Home Rule enjoyed by Croatia has ever been a source of friction between her and Hungary, and that under the present coalition, which embodies all the aspirations of patriotic Magyars, the nationalities are becoming more and more discontented every day. In fact, it would be impossible to offer Ireland a worse example of the evils of autonomy than Hungary affords. The cult of nationality must arouse subordinate nationalities to a sense of their existence. Thus it is that what the "Sinn Fein" writer calls the Resurrection of Hungary has brought in its train racial antagonisms of which he evidently must have known but little. It is not often

that political analogies have an opportunity of proving their value before they have been imitated. But here is an exception. Home Rule in Ireland could only end as it is ending in Croatia, and as it has ended in Scandinavia—unless we decided to put an English army into the country and reconquer it.

THE SITUATION IN BELGIUM.

AS far as Belgium and the Powers go the Congo question is solved—such is the belief of those in Belgium who are not blinded by enmity towards the Belgian Government. It is held that the Government, honest in its endeavour, has found the means or forced the way for reforms in the Congo without undue delay. The Belgian Colonial Minister, whose appointment is now practically made, will be ready to give assurances to that effect the moment the Chamber re-assembles. Performance is to follow promise so rapidly that perhaps no fresh guarantees will be insisted on by the Powers.

For those who know Belgian statesmen best the proof of this view of the situation and of the outlook for the future lies in the fact that M. Renkin, Minister of Justice in the present Cabinet, has accepted the office of Colonial Minister. M. Renkin, still fresh in office, won his way to the foremost place in Belgian statesmanship within the last year, by the successful manner in which he carried out negotiations for the passing of the Congo Acts on behalf of the Government, with Belgian parties and politicians, and with high personages. Outside Parliament his firmness has won him confidence. From the moment the annexation of the Congo by Belgium became certain, he has been named on all sides as the fittest person for the new office of Colonial Minister. The post was offered to him the moment it was created, but he refused to accept it until those who control great interests in the Congo agreed to conditions which will enable the Government to execute its mandate. Possibly the Powers may share the confidence of many Belgian people in the new Colonial Minister, and accept the assurances he gives. M. Renkin and his colleagues may deserve well for averting international complication—they cannot prevent the Congo from being turned into a battle-ground by Belgian politicians.

In secret, the Belgian Government deploras the wide power given to the Chamber by the Colonial Law, which it was forced to pass. Had it dared, the Government would have tried to govern the Congo as a Crown Colony after the manner in which Gambia and New Guinea are governed. It cannot be blamed for such a wish, for it knows that what it does in the Congo will be exaggerated in the Chamber and in the press by men who are enemies of order, not merely enemies of the Government. Already the Liberals have put an end to the momentary union which existed for the passing of the Congo laws, between the Government and the members of the old Liberal "doctrinaire" party: those representatives of wealth, whose disappearance from Parliament is decreed by their ancient allies the Radicals and their relentless foes the Socialists. There will be Parliamentary elections in Belgium in eighteen months. Already all the parties of the Opposition have joined forces to overturn the Government; they have prepared the plan of their campaign and given their war-cry. Each is older than Belgian independence, each dates from the most frenzied moment of the French revolution.

In Belgium the old broad line separates the Chamber into two. Names have somewhat changed. The Government party calls itself Catholic now, more often than Conservative. The Liberals are joined to Radicals and Socialists; but, in truth, there are only two parties in Belgium, and the causes they fight for never vary. Conservatism faces Jacobinism in the Belgian Chamber to-day as it did when Leopold I. opened the first session of the first Belgian Parliament. In September 1908 Socialists and Radicals cry out that Christianity is the enemy, as they did in September 1884, when they sought to drive the Catholics from power and religious teaching from the schools.

In 1884 the Liberals attacked Clericalism in Belgium. In 1908 they attack it in the Congo. It is a prominent part of their plan for overturning the present Government to direct the fire of continental Freemasonry against the Congo administration. The Liberals who were favourable to the annexation of the Congo lend their aid to the furtherance of this plan. Lodges are formed in the Congo to advance it. The leader of the Socialists, seeing that alliance with the religion-hating Liberals must be strengthened if his party is to gain a share in some future Government, has thrown off the mask of toleration towards religion and missionaries, and from the Congo he is writing letters decrying the work of missionaries, whose settlements he has not seen before his letters are posted. There is no longer any hint of English enmity. The Liberal newspapers, which most accused this country of hypocrisy and greed, now attack the Congo Government for misleading England. They seek to besmirch the Congo officials and the English missionaries with the same brush. England would never have mixed in the Congo affairs, they say, if the English missionaries had not moved the people, and the English missionaries would not have spoken if the bribes given them had been large enough. The whole fault, according to statements now made by Liberal newspapers, lay in the fact that King Leopold was not "large" enough with the missionaries.

Liberals on the Continent misunderstand English Liberals as much as English Liberals misunderstand them. They cannot comprehend that the Nonconformist conscience belongs to the Liberal party. They think it impossible that Freemasons could uphold missionaries. Comments on recent events in London by Belgian newspapers show that the Belgian Liberals and Socialists rejoice at the anti-religious attitude which they think the English Government has adopted from a desire to please its friends of the French Government! They are convinced that the Liberals and the members of the various Labour parties in England will joyfully support them in their attacks on Christianity in the Congo, and on the missionaries, English, American, and Belgian alike. They think that by attacking Christianity in the Congo they will obtain the support of the English Government to overthrow the Catholic Government of Belgium. Colossal ignorance!

Much stress is laid on the clause of the Act of Berlin which requires the Governments established in the basin of the Congo to protect missionary and scientific enterprises, but little has been heard up till now of the interpretation of that clause which the members of the Conference of Berlin were careful to enter on the protocol of their proceedings. According to that official record, "the principle of the separation of Church and State, applied by certain Governments, well allows them to *protect* but not to *aid* the religious enterprises which are of the province of the Church only". The Liberals of Belgium have not thought it opportune to cite this passage before now. They rely on it as a means of attacking the Government of the Congo. Anti-clericalism has long been one of the chief articles of exportation from lands over which anti-clerics rule. If the Liberal-Socialist alliance succeed in Belgium, the Act of Berlin may be invoked as authority for acts equivalent to a war of expulsion against the missionaries of every Christian creed in the Congo. Into the Act and the protocol of the Conference there will be read a rule forbidding aid to missionaries. Many of the missions exist now by means of what may be represented as Government aid. The reduction of rates granted them is aid, so undoubtedly is the granting of land to them; even the sale of land to missionaries, if enforced because they are missionaries, is aid, which the protocol denies the right of the State to give, although it is said to be authorised by a section of the Act.

"L'Indépendance Belge", a Liberal newspaper of Brussels of wide repute, seems to have summed up the attitude of the Belgian Opposition the other day: "It is a gross error to consider missionaries as a great force of colonisation. It is one thing to colonise a land, another thing to Christianise it".

THE END OF THE BOOK WAR.

THE Battle of the Books is over. The "Times" has completely surrendered. In future the publishers will deal with the "Times Book Club" and will deal on their own terms. That is to say the "Times" must not dispose of new books at less than the published price till these books have been out for six months. Printing House Square has thundered for years about this great question. It has sworn never to yield. The publishers were to be brought to their knees or their senses. They were monopolists, making undue profits out of the public and the author. And we must say that it has thundered very hard. The printed matter relating to—and advertising—the heroic conduct of Printing House Square in taking up the Cause of the Public against the mammoth publishing trust would furnish, we suppose, quite a good-sized library. Many people took the thing in deadly earnestness. They declared that the "Times" was "doing a great public service, sir"; they darkly imagined the publisher as a greedy, gloating monopolist, devouring poor defenceless authors and "doing" the poor defenceless book-buyer all round. We have come upon touching and beautiful instances of childlike belief in all this. We found a friend doing up and addressing with exquisite care a large bundle of "Times" attacks on the publishers. She said gravely: "I feel I really cannot accept all these handsome and valuable books the 'Times' has generously offered me. So I am returning them." What is more, the poor dear lady actually stamped the parcel!

Yes, the "Times" has thundered hard indeed. But it has never lightened. The lightning has been wholly in the power of the publishers, and we were perfectly sure from the start that they would come out in the end top dog. Unlike some of the daily papers, we profess to know nothing of the negotiations or alleged negotiations which have led up to the surrender of the "Times". But we are very much mistaken if the thing has not been carried out by the new proprietary. Might we not almost feel safe in congratulating Printing House Square on having such a friendly neighbour in Carmelite House? There is no doubt in the world that the capitulation is a stroke of sound business. The publishers are now free again to advertise in the literary columns of the "Times". The "Times" will buy the publishers' books on precisely the same terms the publishers give to the whole bookselling and book-lending trade. The public will not suffer, the authors will not suffer, the publishers will not suffer, and the "Times" itself will not suffer. Bravo all! We suppose it has been a grand advertisement for the "Times". It beats the "Encyclopædia Britannica", the "Historians' History of the World", and the German Emperor's letter—it beats all these "scoops" hollow. Mr. Hearst, the most successful journalist who has ever lived, might almost have taken it up with credit—though we doubt whether Mr. Hearst would have come out of it as under dog. Think of the immense number of famous public men who solemnly subscribed their names to a document declaring the "Times" action public-spirited! Did it not cover several columns in the "Times" itself? So far as we remember, gallant and active Mr. Henniker Heaton started that document—and we suspect that a good many of the people who signed it had a dim idea that thereby they were furthering penny postage. That they all understood what exactly it was about is perhaps not very likely. People often do not know much of the public documents and round-robins they are signing. Provided there is no pecuniary liability, people in large numbers can always be got to sign this memorial or that. It is a cheap way of obliging your friends.

It has been a great advertisement, then, done in a mammoth manner. Whether it has had a great deal to do with Literature is quite another thing. We should say it has not. And what is the moral of the thing? the grave man may ask. No doubt some folk will moralise over this battle of the books, which really seems to have lasted almost as long as the Boer War. Some may say that the great lesson which the battle teaches is that newspapers should stick to their own

calling and not plunge into other trades; or that it is very wrong to accuse people of being monopolists when they are not monopolists; and so on. But the whole thing is so absurd, years of fire and fury ending in absolutely nothing, that we cannot think of moralising over it. One is very much in the position of the veteran who could not tell Peterkin what good came of the battle of Blenheim.

THE CITY.

THE extreme abundance and cheapness of money is having the inevitable effect upon Stock Exchange business. Each day sees an expansion in the demand for interest-bearing securities, and each day witnesses a broadening of the area over which money is spread. Home Railway stocks are now attracting buyers. For months—even years—they have been out of favour, and the results of their working have justified the neglect. In the absence of demand prices have depreciated enormously. Now, with the prospect of more economical working—whether by individual efforts or by concerted action—the public are disposed to look more kindly upon the market. Whether the savings in expenses will come up to expectations remains to be seen, but that the directors are sincere in their efforts to economise is undoubted. The pity is that they have delayed so long in putting their houses in order. There is no virtue in necessity, and but for the heavy fall in revenue in the past few years the companies would probably have gone on living in the extravagant style which has been largely responsible for reducing them to penury. Up to the present there has been nothing to indicate the monetary value of the savings recently effected, and the course of traffic, as disclosed by the weekly returns, has shown no marked improvement. Moreover, the trade outlook is not immediately favourable, with a cotton strike in progress. In the circumstances there would seem little, at the moment, upon which to base a rise in prices. It is remembered, however, that traffics of the next three months will compare with big decreases a year ago, that labour disputes are of shorter duration than formerly, and that a period of cheap money almost inevitably causes Home Railway stocks to appreciate. The speculative possibilities therefore are attractive, and as the public are in the mood to speculate they choose these, as well as other stocks, to satisfy their humour. We pay no heed to the large increases in traffic shown by the underground railways, which are, of course, entirely due to the Franco-British Exhibition, and will not recur. In view of the ever-present competition of the motor omnibus, the opportunity would seem a favourable one to sell these particular stocks.

Consols, almost alone, fail to derive any benefit from the cheapness of money, and while so much discredit is thrown upon the present Government it is hopeless to expect any material recovery in their price. There is more demand for Colonial Government securities, and the opportunity will probably be taken to raise fresh loans. Canada is now in the field; but a portion of this loan is to replace existing debt. Only three months ago holders of maturing bonds had the offer of exchanging into a $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. stock. The offer, however, was not responded to very freely, and now they will have to take their principal or exchange into a $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. stock. The difference in the rate of interest represents the improvement in the money market in the interval. The extent of the cash subscriptions will be watched with interest, as affording some criterion of the public appetite for new investments, of which there are many awaiting issue, altogether apart from Colonial loans. It is possible that Russia might attract English money if her loan was issued promptly and the terms made inviting. There are many worse securities yielding a lower rate of interest. A Chinese loan would be sure of success, and before long we may expect to see an issue.

The outstanding feature in the Stock Exchange is still the strength of South African mining shares, and it is satisfactory to note that the public are buying with discrimination. Dividend-payers are first sought after, then properties on the eve of coming into that

category. Where it is deemed prudent to take a long shot, care is displayed in choosing only companies well provided with working capital or in the position of obtaining the necessary funds. So long as this cautious attitude is adopted no harm will be done, but the ever-present share-pusher is awaiting his opportunity, and very shortly there will be displayed to the public a variety of goods, highly polished, well recommended by financial prints, and as worthless intrinsically as the honour of their sellers. Then we shall see to what extent the public have benefited by the experiences of the past. West African shares have come forward in the last few days, and from being unsaleable have risen to quite an eminence amongst speculative securities. There are very few of these shares of any intrinsic value—they could be counted on the fingers of one hand—but the gold output is increasing, and this encourages optimists to hope for the uprising of a second Rand in West Africa. Far better were attention given to the great possibilities of mining in Mexico.

INSURANCE.

THE SETTLEMENT OF CLAIMS.

FROM time to time people who have occasion to claim against insurance companies under their policies profess themselves seriously dissatisfied with the settlements that are offered. Under policies of life assurance the amount of the claim is seldom in dispute, and if any difficulty arises it is in connexion with the title to the money or erroneous or incomplete statements in the proposal form. In the ordinary way life policies are indisputable except for deliberate fraud after they have been in existence for two years. Comparatively recently an extraordinary argument was put forward by counsel for an insurance company; he expressly abstained from making any charge of fraud, and the conditions of the policy clearly stated that it was indisputable on any other ground after two years. Counsel urged that on account of inaccurate statements in the proposal form the policy never existed as a legal contract. The judge commented very severely upon this line of argument, and we understand that the insurance company concerned was as much surprised as, and more disgusted than, anybody else that such a plea should have been put forward in their name.

A somewhat interesting case in which the amount payable under a life policy was questioned recently came to our notice. A policyholder disappeared some twenty-five or thirty years ago, and his family were unable to prove his death. At last they obtained evidence, admitted by the insurance company, that he fell overboard and was drowned. The claim lay dormant for twenty years or more, when application was made to the insurance company to pay it: they agreed to do so, and added to the sum assured bonuses up to the present time. Most people would regard this as a distinctly fair and generous settlement, but the claimant was not satisfied, thinking he ought to have had the amount due under the policy at the date of death with compound interest at the rate of something like 4 per cent. per annum from then to now.

The claims which give rise to the greatest difficulty in settlement are those under fire, burglary, accident, and workmen's compensation policies. In such cases doubts may easily arise as to the fair amount that ought to be paid. Under fire policies, as we have repeatedly explained, the insured is entitled to no more than the value at the time of the fire of the goods destroyed. A policy in no way undertakes to replace old goods by new goods of equal quality. Fire insurance is protection against loss caused by fire, and not against depreciation in value resulting from wear and tear or other incidental conditions. When the claims are small, the claimants manifestly honest, and particularly when private householders are concerned, insurance companies constantly give their policyholders new goods of equal quality to the old. The fire offices find it pays to be generous in the settlement of claims. When the claim is a large one in connexion with a business risk a company naturally pays rather stricter regard to the conditions of the contract embodied in the policy. Business firms frequently employ professional assessors to act on

their behalf, and then it becomes a battle of wits between the representatives of the rival parties, the one seeking to obtain as much, and the other to pay as little, as possible. We heard recently of a firm whose premises were destroyed by fire: an assessor came along and explained to the manager of the firm that a claim could be put in for a sum which, by its magnitude, would surprise the worthy manager. The latter, having a kink in his nature which led him to appreciate honesty, objected to a bogus claim being made in his name, refused the services of the assessor, made the claim himself, and had it paid in full without demur.

Unless policyholders trust insurance companies, and unless the companies feel that the claimants are not trying to get too much, the settlement of claims is no easy matter. The offices are fairly entitled to ask for evidence of the value of the goods alleged to have been destroyed; this it is not always easy to provide. The dignified general manager of an important insurance company was only the other day calling himself "a silly fool" because, while keeping the bills for all the goods he had bought since his marriage, he kept them in a drawer in his private house where they would certainly be burnt in the case of a serious fire. Many people have inherited goods of which they do not know the cost, have had other things given to them, and have no record of either the goods they possess or their value. In these circumstances the only thing to be done is for the insurance company to judge whether or not the policyholder seems to be dealing fairly in the matter of a claim or making excessive demands. Experience enables a pretty shrewd judgment on such a point to be formed; fair treatment is met by generosity; extortion by resistance. It is a pity that it has to be admitted that insurance companies pay many claims that they ought to dispute in the interests of their policyholders as a whole, and not once in a thousand times do respectable insurance companies dispute claims which they ought to pay. Except when the settlement of claims is left to singularly indiscreet officials it may be taken for granted that a fair claim will be settled at once, and in full, and that an exorbitant claim will be scaled down as much as possible. In the few instances when respectable insurance companies dispute claims and take them into court their reasons for doing so are thoroughly well founded, and are commonly based upon stronger grounds than is suggested by the evidence actually submitted.

THE HORSE.

By EARL EGERTON OF TATTON.

THE author in dealing with the psychology and training of the horse* has not adopted the usual treatment of English writers. In England these qualities have been generally treated in a more practical way bearing on the training and management of the horse as a useful servant to man and making a vicious one easy to ride or drive. It is well to follow the Italian Count in his summary of those qualities, but he does not seem to claim such personal experience as Sydney Galvayne, the Australian, and Captain Hayes, with his Indian and Russian experience, have communicated to us. He has never felt the nervous excitement of his steed before the chase or his courage in following it. He treats of the horse's intelligence in acquiring a knowledge of his rider and his imagination which makes him shy across a road when he sees, or fancies he sees, something on the road or hedges. His memory facilitates his training, as he remembers well the treatment, good or bad, of his master.

The author well remarks that sensitiveness is more powerful in a well-bred horse and his sense of smell is acute. The horse is sociable and of a highly nervous temperament the better bred he is; sometimes timid and requiring his master to give him confidence when ridden as a hunter; his refusal to jump his fences is often owing to the timidity of his rider. He has the

special qualities of his dam and race, which may be called instinct, as the foal of a few weeks old will jump, without any training, a gate four feet high following its dam, and the foals which are handled and accustomed to be haltered from their earliest years will give no trouble when ridden or driven as three-year-olds. Horses would not be timid if they were taught to pass anything, when young, without fear. The writer finds this to be the case with the horses he has imported from America, where, it is said, the foals always follow their dam in the cart to the market town, and are thus accustomed to all sorts of sights.

The horse often is susceptible of affection for his master. The huntsman of the Cheshire Hounds some years ago had a bad fall and he was found on the ground with his horse and many of the hounds looking at him in mute and sympathetic attitude. The courage of the horse when in a natural wild state is well known. At Lucknow, in the special combat between a tiger and a horse, the horse when the tiger prepared to spring struck out with both his hind feet and disposed of the tiger by a violent kick on his skull. Training of horses requires firmness and gentleness.

The author, while giving an account of the special characteristics of a horse, goes into no detail sufficient to enable anyone to break a horse for riding or driving. By kindness alone can the horse be trained to obedience; much may be done by the caressing by hand and gentle pressure of the leg or heel to make him move in the required direction rather than by the whip or spur. These should be only used to enforce obedience if the horse does not recognise the rider as his master. Most horses can be easily trained for cavalry or artillery purposes or for any of the circus tricks if they are treated patiently and kindly, receiving some dainty food when they accomplish their task.

The author tells the following anecdote, which is not more recent than the thirteenth century: "An abbot of Brittany had several fine horses. A nephew wanted to have a particularly good one and the abbot would not let him have it. As the abbot was accustomed to read his breviary on horseback the nephew taught the horse to make jumps when the breviary was taken out, by taking it out and exciting him to jump. When next the abbot went for a ride the horse did not fail to make jumps when he took out the breviary, and the abbot was afraid and believed the horse had grown vicious and gave him to his nephew." This story shows the shrewdness of the nephew rather than the memory of the horse.

The author does not follow Santapaulina, a Neapolitan nobleman (1606) in classifying the various material qualities of the horse, which cannot be dissociated from the mental qualities. The latter have an effect on the memory, courage, nervous excitability, and sluggishness of a horse, qualities which are not always apparent at first sight.

The vices of a horse such as kicking or biting are generally the result of bad and cruel treatment in the stable, and when the horse is first brought into training, and has not been sufficiently "loured" to curb his naturally high spirits. The correct way to teach a horse is to begin by "louring" him either in a riding-school or in a field, and the whip may be used with judgment to show the power of the breaker over him. The author seems to trust to the "lounge" with an iron cavesson as a means of pressure on the nose, and thus on the brain. In both Italy and Spain horses are frequently driven without a bit, but with the pressure on the tender part of the nose. The majority of horses are, however, of a better and more docile nature, and do not require harsh treatment, only necessary for a minority of horses who have not been handled by competent men since their birth. This also applies to horses taken from wild herds in the steppes of Russia or American ranches. In Norfolk the word in common use for breaking is "gentling", and there the young horses are kept together in yards in deep beds of straw, which causes them to bend their knees and gives them a better action. One of the first necessities in breaking a horse is to teach him obedience, which is obtained by showing the horse that man is his master; it must be encouraged by the caress of the hand and the tone of the voice. Obedience is well shown in the Shire horse stallions,

* "The Psychology and Training of the Horse." By Count Eugenio Martinengo Cesaresco. London: Fisher Unwin. 1908. 20s. 6d. net.

who if not broken and led about when young would by their enormous strength be difficult to control.

Count Cesaresco gives some good advice as to obedience. "Nothing should be required which we have not the power to compel him to do. His anger should not be excited by our losing patience and inflicting ill-timed punishments", and "when we enter into a struggle with him we must conquer and must not lose". He deals more fully with fear. With excessively timid and nervous horses his advice is: "With one of these horses the best that can be done is to get off and lead him by hand, or better still never to ride them." That is not the advice of a good horseman. Fear is one of the points on which it is most difficult to deal with a horse: he should be shown anything quietly which he fears, and allowed to smell and touch it with his nostrils; he must not be punished at first because he shows fear, but if he shies he must be dealt with quietly by the hand and pressure of the leg: horses that are nervous and very timid are dangerous if allowed to get the mastery. Defective eyesight is also often the cause of fear, and that is a fault which it is difficult to remedy. Such horses are better in harness than for the saddle.

Count Cesaresco mentions the difficulty of getting a horse to stand still. We constantly see in tradesmen's carts the horse left alone standing still. The writer's Iceland pony was already trained to stand still and wait at a door till his master returns. There is nothing new in the breaking of a horse. We have seen in S. Petersburg the silver ornamental vase of Græco-Scythian art from Kertch (the old Greek colony Panticapæum), showing the different stages in the training of a horse—first the horse is shown with his foreleg being strapped up by a native warrior; next thrown on its knees; and finally saddled and bridled.

We can bear good testimony to the excellent riding of the officers of the Italian Cavalry, many of whom are mounted on horses of English or Irish blood, as we saw them at the Tor di Quinto, near Rome, in the presence of the King of Italy, in their cavalry exercises, where besides jumping over posts and rails they rode down a steep clay bank about twenty feet deep and nearly perpendicular, by trusting their horses to slide down it and take off near the bottom, the rider sitting well back at an acute angle.

RAMEAU: I.—THE MAN AND HIS ART.

By ARTHUR SYMONS.

RAMEAU is the Watteau of music. They have the same light genius, a gaiety that is half sad, and with no depth of sadness. Decorative and a little indifferent, these stately minuets walked to the tune of the time. It was a time of licence and enjoyment, of the park and the marble Nymphs bathed by the water of fountains. The melodies are immortal, and they are as fresh as the sunlight that saw their birth. Flowers blossom, birds sing, cocks crow in their real voices and are laughed at, and the sky is always bright and the grass green, and there will be a marble image of blind Cupid naked on a pedestal. And the costumes. You see them, cerulean, the Watteau dead autumn-leaves, furbelows and laces, and powder on hair and cheeks. The melancholy sound of music is never out of their ears; it promises happiness and unending joy; and it will not be long before the subterranean thunder will astonish the daintinesses of their ears with its positive accent. What musik could cope with this tremendous discord, the explosion of a volcano, or hell itself? Music died until Bach came quietly in, the new Messiah, for the redemption of sound.

The life of an artist is rarely reflected in his music, and neither Watteau nor Rameau lived gaily or in happiness. Rameau was a taciturn, solitary man, and it is only long after his death that more than the few obvious details of it have been known. He was the son of a musician, and at the age of forty married a singer aged nineteen, and, we are told, she was an honest woman, sweet and amiable, who made her husband happy; she had a great talent for music and a beautiful voice, and taste in singing. Up to this happy moment, when his genius was beginning to

achieve itself, Rameau had been a wanderer, playing the organ in churches in order to make just enough money to live on; and he had spent most of his time, not in composition, but in learning the rules of harmony. He published several books of great value, and was better known as a scholar than as a musician. All the time, little as the world knew it, he was cultivating a genius which came slowly but surely. His first "*Pièces pour Clavecin*", very dry and formal, were published in 1706, and it is only in the fourth, published in 1740, that we find him really the master of this instrument, the inheritor of the witty Couperin, the maker of delicious melodies. In a letter, probably written in 1724, he declared that he was no novice in his art, and there was no display of science in it: accepting the happy phrase of art conceals art. And with great naïveté he observes: "Nature has not wholly deprived me of gifts, and I have not given myself up to mere combinations of notes, to the point of forgetting their intimate connexion with the beauty of nature, in which we find the means of pleasing."

His first idea of dramatic music came to him on hearing an opera, famous at the time, called "*Jephthé*", which was represented in 1731. He conceived the idea that the dramatic music of the time might be infused with new energies and new beauties. And he set him immediately to the work.

He was indifferent to words, only demanding good situations and expressive décors. His "*Hippolyte et Aricie*" is written to the most inept verses; but the music conquered, and is immortal. Of course enemies turned up to hiss him and prevent his opera from being an immediate success; but a journalist on the "*Mercur*" happily characterised the music as "virile and harmonious". Nothing better has been said of it.

He wrote many operas and ballets (one, "*Le Ballet de les Indes*", geographical!), and wrote more technical books, and opened a school for the promulgation of his ideas. The last is "*La code de musique pratique, ou méthode pour apprendre la musique même à des aveugles, pour former les voix et l'oreille, pour la position de la main avec une mécanique sur le clavecin et l'orgue, pour l'accompagnement sur les instruments qui en sont susceptibles, et pour le prélude, avec de nouvelles réflexions sur le principe sonore*." He died in 1761, at the age of seventy-eight.

He was immensely tall, emaciated, and, it was said, "more like a ghost than a man". He was never to be seen at home, but walked the streets, absorbed, unseeing. His genius haunted him; it came and went, torturing him. We see his reserve bursting out into sudden violence when his taste or his ear had been shocked. There is a fine story of his interrupting the curé of Saint-Eustaphe with, "Why the devil do you sing, Monsieur le curé, when you sing out of tune?"

"*La mécanique est prodigieuse*" said a good observer of his music, and we find him saying that the theory precedes the practice, the savant governs the musician. He denied the existence of "pure music", and declared that the end of music is not in itself. And we find, in his "*Lettre de l'harmonie*", a sort of anticipation of what was the theory of a strangely different musician, Moussorgsky: "A good musician", he said, "ought to give up to all the characters whom he is painting, and put himself in their place; imagine that he is in the very place where the various incidents occur". The artist's duty was to go outside himself; the object of the music to imitate life in all its variety.

The first and best master of Lully, who had purged the opera of its vocal absurdities, and set himself to render every word clear, each syllable having its own note. And Rameau describes his endeavour: "Always occupied with the beautiful declamation, and the fine movement of the melody, which are found in the recitative of the great Lully, I try to imitate him, not as servile copyist, but in taking, like him, the fair and simple nature for model". In his clavecin music he tries to express the song of birds or the sound of the musette. And he renders only the essential, excluding the accidental. But there is something lacking: all is spectacle for him; he is artist before he is man. And there is none of the rarity of Couperin, the lines are too firm, the outline too definite. His mind was perhaps incapable of stooping to an art of

mere fantasy. That is why he turned to the art of dramatic music.

One of his contemporaries said with confidence: "Rameau, as the symphonist of opera, had no model and no rival, and we dare affirm that after all the revolutions that that form of art may submit to, it will be difficult for any succeeding artist to equal our artist and to merit a place by his side". And M. Laloy, carrying on the argument, says justly that time has added a beauty to his melodies, rendering them clear and more harmonious. And it is because he abstained from appearing in his own work that Rameau has assured himself of the surest chances of immortality.

In his melodies he sought "the last degree of perfection". He seems to have been unconscious that it was genius and not method, or, as he said, taste, which inspired them. He learnt to vary his movements infinitely, and fell at last into a kind of "unending melody" which we find later in Wagner. And, as M. Laloy writes with a fine enthusiasm: "Only in our days has his music come to live a human and divine life, no more abstract; he can make our hearts beat; one sees his sacred veils floating. Let us render homage to Rameau! for no one has known, as he has, how to arrange an expressive dance, raise out of concords a white procession of priestesses, a horde of demons, a tumult of warriors, or the innocent play of innocent flower-decked shepherds".

In his later works Rameau showed that he was in possession of the principles of the modern orchestra, which no one had realised before him. And at the end of his life, in an overture to "Zoroastre" he anticipates the modern symphony. "Ideas whose significance are all moral, a continuous development, tonalities, rivalling and reconciled: there, in germ, is the whole German symphony of the end of the century. . . . Between the symphony the most detailed and the symphony the most abstract there is only one difference of degree, not of kind. The symphony that we name classic, in particular, is naturally dramatic; it is an intrigue of melodies, a conflict of tonalities, and diversissements which are dances without dancers form this drama without actors. It is natural then that Rameau, on the day when he found himself without visible material, should have discovered the fundamental laws of a new form."

THE SACRED BIRD.

By W. H. HUDSON.

WE all know what is meant by the "sacred bird"; no mistake is possible seeing that this is not ancient Egypt, or Hindustan, or Samoa, or any remote barbarous land, where certain of the creatures are regarded with a kind of religious veneration. We call our familiar pheasant sacred to express condemnation of the persons who devote themselves with excessive zeal to the sport of pheasant-shooting.

To shoot a pheasant is undoubtedly the best way to kill it, and would still be the best way—certainly better than wringing its neck—even if these semi-domestic birds were wholly domestic, as I am perfectly sure they were in the time of the Romans who first introduced them into these islands. I am sure of it because this Asiatic ground-bird, which in two thousand years has not become wholly native, and, as ornithologists say, is in no sense an English bird, could not have existed and been abundant in the conditions which prevailed in Roman times. The fact that pheasant bones come next in quantity to those of the domestic fowl in the ash and bone pits examined by experts during the excavations at Silchester shows that the bird was a common article of food. The country about Silchester was a vast oak forest at that period, probably very sparsely inhabited; a portion of the forest exists to this day, and is in fact one of my favourite haunts. The fox, stoat and sparrowhawk were not the only enemies of the pheasant then: the wolf existed, the wild cat, the marten and the founart; while the list of rapacious birds included the eagle, goshawk, buzzard, kite, hen-harrier, peregrine falcon, and hobby, as well as all the species which still survive, only in very much larger numbers. Then there were the crows: judging from the number of

bones of the raven found at Silchester we can only suppose that this chief and most destructive of the corvidæ was a protected species and existed in a semi-domestic state and was extremely abundant in and round Calleva—probably at all the Roman stations. It is probable that a few tame pheasants escaped from time to time into the woods, also some may have been turned out in the hope that they would become acclimatised, and we may suppose that a few of the most hardy birds survived and continued the species until later times; but for hundreds of years succeeding the Romano-British period the pheasant must have been a rarity in English woods. And a rarity it remains down to this day in all places where it is left to itself, in spite of the extermination of most of its natural enemies. Unhappily for England the fashion or craze for this bird became common among landowners in recent times—the desire to make it artificially abundant so that an estate which yielded a dozen or twenty birds a year to the sportsman would be made to yield a thousand. This necessitated the destruction of all the wild life supposed in any way and in any degree to be inimical to the protected species. Worse still, men to police the woods, armed with guns, traps and poison, were required. Consider what this means—men who are hired to provide a big head of game, privileged to carry a gun day and night all the year round, to shoot just what they please! For who is to look after them on their own ground to see that they do not destroy scheduled species? They must be always shooting something; that is simply a reflex effect of the liberty they have and of the gun in the hand. Killing becomes a pleasure to them, and with or without reason or excuse they are always doing it—always adding to the list of creatures to be extirpated, and when these fail adding others. "I know perfectly well", said a keeper to me, "that the nightjar is harmless; I don't believe a word about its swallowing pheasants' eggs, though many keepers think they do. I shoot them, it is true, but only for pleasure." So it has come about that wherever pheasants are strictly preserved, hawks—including those that prey on mice, moles, wasps, and small birds; also the owls, and all the birds of the crow family, saving the rook on account of the landowner's sentiment in its favour; and after them the nightjar and the woodpeckers and most other species above the size of a chaffinch—are treated as "vermin". The case of the keeper who shot all the nightingales because their singing kept the pheasants awake at night sounds like a fable. But it is no fable; there are several instances of this having been done, all well authenticated.

Here is another case which came under my own eyes. It is of an old heronry in a southern county, in the park of a great estate about which there was some litigation a few years back. On my last visit to this heronry at the breeding season I found the nests hanging empty and desolate in the trees near the great house, and was told that the new head keeper had persuaded the great nobleman who had recently come into possession of the estate to allow him to kill the herons because their cries frightened the pheasants. They were shot on the nests after breeding began; yet the great nobleman who allowed this to be done is known to the world as a humane and enlightened man, and, I hear, boasts that he has never shot a bird in his life! He allowed it to be done because he wanted pheasants for his sporting friends to have their shoot in October, and he supposed that his keeper knew best what should be done.

Another instance, also on a great estate of a great nobleman in southern England. Throughout a long mid-June day I heard the sound of firing in the woods, beginning at about eight o'clock in the morning and lasting until dark. The shooters ranged over the whole woods; I had never, even in October, heard so much firing on an estate in one day. I enquired of several persons, some employed on the estate, as to the meaning of all this firing, and was told that the keeper was ridding the woods of some of the vermin. More than that they refused to say; but by and by I found a person to tell me just what had happened. The head keeper had got twenty or thirty persons, the men with guns and a number of lads with long poles with hooks to pull nests down, and had set himself to

rid the woods of birds that were not wanted. All the nests found, of whatever species, were pulled down, and all doves, woodpeckers, nuthatches, blackbirds, missel and song thrushes, shot; also chaffinches and many other small birds. The keeper said he was not going to have the place swarming with birds that were no good for anything, and were always eating the pheasants' food. The odd thing in this case was that the owner of the estate and his son, a distinguished member of the House of Commons, are both great bird-lovers, and at the very time that this hideous massacre in mid-June was going on they were telling their friends in London that a pair of birds of a fine species, long extirpated in southern England, had come to their woods to breed. A little later the head keeper reported that these same fine birds had mysteriously disappeared!

One more case, again from an estate in a southern county, the shooting of which was let to a gentleman who is greatly interested in the preservation of rare birds, especially the hawks. I knew the ground well, having received permission from the owner to go where I liked: I also knew the keepers and (like a fool) believed they would carry out the instructions of their master. I informed them that a pair of hobby-hawks were breeding in a clump of trees on the edge of the park, and asked them to be careful not to mistake them for sparrowhawks. At the same time I told them that a pair of Montagu's harriers were constantly to be seen at a lonely marshy spot in the woods, a mile from the park; I had been watching them for three days at that spot and believed they were nesting. I also told them where a pair of great spotted woodpeckers were breeding in the woods. They promised to "keep an eye" on the hawks, and I daresay they did, seeing that both hobbies and harriers had vanished in the course of the next few days. But they would not promise to save the woodpeckers: one of the under-keepers had been asked by a lady to get her a few pretty birds to put in a glass case, and the head keeper told him he could have these woodpeckers.

Did I in these cases inform the owner and the shooting-tenant of what had happened? No, and for a very good reason. Nothing ever comes of such telling except a burst of rage on the part of the owner against all keepers and all interfering persons, which lasts for an hour or so, and then all goes on as before. I have never known a keeper to be discharged except for the one offence of dealing in game and eggs on his own account. In everything else he has a free hand; if it is not given him he takes it, and there is nothing he resents so much as being interfered with or advised or instructed as to what species he is to spare. Tell him to spare an owl or a kestrel and he instantly resolves to kill it; and if you are such a faddist as to want to preserve everything he will go so far as to summon his little crowd of humble followers and parasites and set them to make a clean sweep of all the wild life in the woods, as in the instance I have described. No, it is mere waste of energy to inform individual owners of such abuses. The craze exists for a big head of game, or rather of this exotic bird of the woods, called in scorn and disgust the "sacred bird" by one who was himself a naturalist and sportsman; the owners are themselves responsible for the system and have created the class of men necessary to enable them to follow this degraded form of sport. I use the word advisedly: Mr. A. Stuart-Wortley, the best authority I know on the subject, an enthusiast himself, mournfully acknowledges in his book on the pheasant that pheasant-shooting as now almost universally conducted in England is not sport at all.

One odd result of this over-protection of an exotic species and consequent degradation of the woodlands is that the bird itself becomes a thing disliked by the lover of nature. No doubt it is an irrational feeling, but a very natural one nevertheless, seeing that whatsoever is prized and cherished by our enemy, or the being who injures us, must come in for something of the feeling he inspires. There is always an overflow. Personally I detest the sight of semi-domestic pheasants in the preserves; the bird itself is hateful, and is the one species I devoutly wish to see exterminated in the land.

But when I find this same bird where he exists comparatively in a state of nature, and takes his chance with the other wild creatures, the sight of him affords me keen pleasure: especially at this season, or a little later in October, when the change in the colour of the leaf all at once makes this familiar world seem like an enchanted region. We look each year for the change and know it is near, yet when it comes it will be as though we now first witnessed that marvellous transformation—the glory in the high beechen woods on downs and hill-sides, of innumerable oaks on the wide level weald, and elms and maples and birches and ancient gnarled thorns, with tangle of vari-coloured brambles and ivy with leaves like dark malachite, and light green and silvery grey of old-man's-beard. In that aspect of nature the pheasant no longer seems an importation from some brighter land, a stranger to our woods, startlingly unlike our wild native ground-birds in their sober protective colouring, and out of harmony with the surroundings. The most brilliant plumage seen in the tropics would not appear excessive then, when the thin dry leaves on the trees, rendered translucent by the sunbeams, shine like coloured glass, and when the bird is seen in some glade or opening on a woodland floor strewn with yellow gold and burnished red, copper and brightest russet leaves. He is one with it all, a part of that splendour, and a beautifully decorative figure as he moves slowly with deliberate jetting gait, or stands at attention, the eared head and shining neck raised and one foot lifted. Many a writer has tried to paint him in words; perhaps Ruskin alone succeeds, in a passage which was intended to be descriptive of the colouring of the pheasants generally. "Their plumage", he said, "is for the most part warm brown, delicately and even beautifully spotted; and in the goodliest species the spots become variegated, or inlaid as in a Byzantine pavement, deepening into imperial purple and azure, and lighting into lustre of innumerable eyes."

But alas! not infrequently when I have seen the pheasant in that way in the coloured woods in October, when after the annual moult his own colouring is richest and he is seen at his best, my delight has vanished when I have lifted my eyes to look through the thinned foliage at the distant prospect of earth and the blue overarching sky. For who that has ever looked at nature in other regions, where this perpetual hideous war of extermination against all noble feathered life is not carried on, does not miss the great soaring bird in the scene—eagle, or vulture, or buzzard, or kite, or harrier—floating at ease on board vans, or rising heavenwards in vast and ever vaster circles? That is the one object in nature which has the effect of widening the prospect just as if the spectator had himself been miraculously raised to a greater altitude, while at the same time the blue dome of the sky appears to be lifted to an immeasurable height above him. The soaring figure reveals to sight and mind the immensity and glory of the visible world. Without it the blue sky can never seem sublime.

But the great soaring bird is nowhere in our lonely skies, and missing it we remember the reason of its absence and realise what the modern craze for the artificially reared pheasant has cost us.

PRESUMABLY PILFERED:

AN interesting paper might be, possibly has been, written on the immediate inspiration of much literary work, the last straw that makes the camel grunt, the little causes that have set great—and small—pens a-scribbling. That the idea of writing the "Decline and Fall" occurred to Gibbon "as he sat musing amidst the Ruins of the Capitol while the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter" is coldly set down by his preface writer to "merely the effect of local emotion". Passing from the monumental to the familiar, readers of the "Roundabout Papers" will remember how insignificant are the incidents from which many of them took their rise—the texts of those delightful sermons. Thackeray's pears are stolen; or he gives a bad half-crown to a cabman; or a tramp marks

his door with a hieroglyph, and so deep is the impression made that the most indolent of men has to sit down and write about it. For which necessity let us be thankful, since, though Thackeray's endearing way of buttonholing his reader for a gossip may be, as some think it, out of place in a story, for many of us it possesses an enduring charm, and is permissible to an essayist.

Not long ago a case of bottled cider was sent by rail. Before he had opened it the consignee was informed by letter that it had been "presumably pilfered"—as proved, on examination, too true: some thirsty soul having helped himself to four bottles. Whether it was the quaint phraseology—for, when you think of it, it was not exactly the case which was pilfered—or his wonder how the sender could so prophetically presume, the recipient knows not; but the phrase has stuck, and has been found convenient in various connexions.

Here, for instance, is Puffham and Co.'s catalogue of forthcoming books, all brand new, all containing the last word on their varied subjects; each, on its several lines, the best of its kind. Puffham says so, and he ought to know. Yet when the books come they do not seem to be masterpieces: it is much if one or two seem cleverish. No reader likes to think that this is his own fault, his own lack of appreciation: such self-abnegation had better get it to a nunnery and accept Puffham as infallible. No one who wishes to live in love and charity with his neighbour can bear to think of Puffham as a blatant swindler, deliberately over-praising inferior work for base purposes of filthy lucre. Nor is it nice to think that the great Puffham is a fool. From this unhappy dilemma—trilemma, for the beast has three horns—our key frees us. Puffham is all right, the books were all right when they left his hands, all is for the best in this best of all possible worlds. The books have been "presumably pilfered". Some printer has felt that the matchless humour, the infinite pathos, the this, the that which so delighted Puffham was too good for any but compositors or very honest men, and has absorbed it en route. Much good may it do him—but it must be very bad for the sale of books.

There is a kind of book in which many take their chief delight—memoirs, letters, &c.—new editions of which may, before perusal, be safely presumed to be pilfered. This mutilation is called editing. R. L. Stevenson, writing of "Pepys' Diary", has expressed, in terms not the less severe because so studiously moderate, his opinion of such "liberties with the author and the public". The same freedom is sometimes arrogated in the reprinting of books which do not come in the above category, even of stories which, so treated, lose all form and consistency. When "Catherine" came out in "Fraser's Magazine" the murder was described in the exact words of the "Newgate Calendar"—et pour cause, as any reader of the book should know. In later editions (in some, at all events) this culminating scene is calmly omitted. "The festive party put Mr. Hayes to bed. They then * * * *". On the asterisks follows this note (quoted from memory): "The next page or two are transcribed verbatim from the Newgate Calendar. As they therefore possess no literary merit they are omitted"! The—the cheek of it! "Catherine" may not be an "established classic", but surely M. A. Titmarsh might be allowed to judge what it should contain. As to the "literary merit" of the Newgate Calendar, we can form no opinion. Oliver Twist was much impressed by its perusal, but then Oliver was such an exceptionally marvellous boy that that proves nothing. Since it is distinctly a book which "no gentleman's library should be *with*", it may, on Elia's principle, be a real live book.

A still more wicked pilferer substitutes for the author's words his own expurgated edition of them. Thus did Croker by Johnson's strong old-fashioned Biblical English, and was deservedly chastised. The "Prurient Prude" is responsible for a deal of bad language. Though it—(how great is our lack of an hermaphrodite pronoun!)—may not indulge in profanity itself, it is the cause of much profanity in others. Editions in usum Delphini, the fact duly notified on the title, may have their uses. Let us have abbreviation if we must—but alteration is unpardonable. The thief who stole the cider was too much a gentleman to fill up the empties

with cold tea. That would indeed have been "rotten form".

There is another sense, more conform to ordinary parlance, in which the words "presumably pilfered" may be taken. The daily train companion, respectable, perhaps even lovable, but known not to have "two ideas within his honest head", suddenly electrifies his compartment with a neat précis of the situation—political, financial, or ethical. *Mon âne parle, et même il parle bien.* But why wonder? His unwonted brilliance may safely be set down as presumably pilfered—from the morning paper.

Safely, we said. But such inference is not always safe. Most of us in our time have, on making a remark, been pulled up by the question "Who said that?" It is an offensive question, yet veils a compliment, for it implies that our remark was notable. It is a harrowing question too—for who can be always sure that his wit, or his sense, or his neatness of expression is not unconscious plagiarism, presumably pilfered?

A CLIMBER'S WORLD.

WHEN Robert Louis Stevenson, to show the manner of man in whom true love of living was to be found, pointed to "an Alpine climber roping over a peril, or a hunter riding merrily at a stiff fence", he named two forms of sport which have more in common than the mere spice of danger to life. They occupy amongst the more virile sports a position noble and exclusive. Followed by totally different types and classes of men, they remain, and by their nature must remain, the sport of those who love sport for its own sake and are revolted by the intense modern competition in sport for money or applause. Both are by their conditions free from that curse and blight which nowadays infects almost all other manly sports—"the gate". The applause of man counts for little in the heart of the climber and for nothing in his pocket. His soul is filled with the sights and sounds of nature. To such qualities is due much of the popularity of mountaineering in England, a popularity not to be estimated by the comparatively limited number of the members of the Alpine Club. Abroad, also, where no qualification or level of capacity is demanded by any of the Alpine Clubs, their members are counted by tens of thousands, and the enormous headway which the sport is making there is no doubt disturbing enough to fastidious people.

The result of this multitudinous attack upon the greater or more famous peaks and passes is to drive many fine climbers to remoter mountains amid less engaging surroundings, and it accounts to a considerable extent for the modern fashion of exalting rock-climbing over snow-craft, a tendency so much deplored by the older school of mountaineers. There are good grounds for their objection. Upon rock-mountains whose sole attraction is the exacting and even sensational nature of the ascent, sport no doubt is to be found and of a comparatively exclusive order. But it is a shrivelled and contracted form of mountaineering, and demands from its adherents nothing like the varied powers of foresight, courage and capacity that may be called for upon the snow-clad ranges, and the joyful excitement it affords, being all of one kind, is of a commoner and less finely wrought nature.

The sport of mountaineering is not, never was, a mere matter of mounting precipices with the least visible handholds, any more than the sport of hunting consists in taking horses in the Belgian fashion over the highest possible fences. Such a theory verges dangerously on the idea of "the gate" and its hundreds of thousands of sixpences. It is true that the most exciting moments of a climb may be those passed upon the most difficult rock, but it is not true that, the more the other elements of the sport are eliminated, the greater the skill and the purer the enjoyment. If this were so, factory chimneys situated in the Black Country and suitably provided with more or less invisible crevices would afford all the objective necessary for the sport. Mountaineering would then have become "Steeple-jacking" for the amusement of the crowd, and the ascendancy of "the gate" would be complete.

To realise the danger of the vulgarisation of the sport in this direction, a reader need only compare the

modern so-called literature of mountaineering, crowded with sensational snapshots of climbers in thrilling situations upon rock, with such books as "Peaks and Passes", or Whymper's "Scrambles among the Alps". Here we find the pure spirit of the pastime with all its complex fascination and charm.

Mountaineering in its purity is man sporting with Nature and her dangers upon the mountains. Like all sport it involves a pretence, delightful and adventurous. As the hunter pretends he wishes to catch a fox, so the mountaineer pretends he wishes to stand upon the summit of a difficult mountain. Even the danger is or ought to be in the main a make-believe danger of death, just as for many men in playing halfpenny bridge there is a make-believe danger of ruin. It is true, of course, that the dangers of climbing may indeed become very real. But if that is so, almost invariably the great rule of the game has been broken—that the difficulty of every expedition must be well within the powers of each member of the party. The essence of the sport is in pitting man's strength, not against man, but against the forces of Nature when Nature is in a comparatively playful mood. And when snow-craft is ignored, climbing becomes narrowed to mere competition in evading the law of gravitation upon vast stretches of rock, and the mind of the climber is turned from those magic influences of the great mountainous regions which give to mountaineering proper its unique and noble character. For it is into the heart of him who braves the dangers of the great snow-mountains that their wonder and beauty seem to sink most deeply. He feels himself a citizen of that great white country, and he inevitably returns to it again and again. To the true mountaineer a climb has many great moments, greater even than that of scaling the final arête. There is the moment of the dawn. For hours the little party on the rope has been feeling its way across the glacier and through the ice-falls. The gleam of two candle lanterns dimly illumines the dead whiteness of the ice forms through which they thread their way, and at their feet is a perpetual accompaniment of writhing shadows. All around the presence of the great peaks looming darkly against the sky is felt rather than seen. Gradually the darkness thins away, and strange colourings of violet and rose lie in the vast hollows and upon the great snow slopes of the mountains. And then, suddenly, behold, it is day, and the climber finds himself with dazzled eyes in a new world of ice and snow. The old every-day world has passed utterly away, and with a thrill of joyful expectation he sees close at hand in all its shining majesty the mountain of his choice, with all its unknown dangers still to be explored. How many climbers will say that it is the thought of this particular moment which recurs to them oftenest amid hours of weariness and daily toil, and which lures them back again and again to the great Alpine peaks and solitude! It is at least one of the great moments for him who breathes the true spirit of the sport and well represents one of the elements which go to make up the fascination of true mountaineering.

The truth, then, is that if mountaineering in its purity is to be maintained, climbers who cannot go further afield must, like other people, learn to accommodate their ideas to the conditions of the age in which they live. Mountaineers, especially in England, have so long been accustomed to regard themselves as an exclusive caste that the idea of sharing their sport with comparatively great numbers of people cannot fail to be distasteful. But nowadays there is nothing which remains exclusive except the seeing eye and the understanding heart, and it is by the cultivation of these upon the mountains as elsewhere that the loftier joys of the sport are to be preserved and appreciated in the spirit of the great exponents of the art. After all the sport is an exacting one. The vast majority of the frequenters of Alpine resorts never attempt anything more adventurous than a picnic upon the safe parts of the nearest glacier. In spite of the yearly invasion, the vast snow ranges of the Alps remain, and must ever remain, a wonderful world where Nature may be most marvellously beautiful, and yet most terrifyingly cruel, may shine with the light of heaven itself, and yet bring home to one a sense of all that is heartless and irrevocable and malign in the natural forces of the world.

POETRY AND PROSE.

(From "Idylls of Tent and Caravan".)

I.

THE camp is on the mossy marge of Ouse,
And while the little rosy currents swirl
Past tremulous lily-cups of gold and pearl,
Two fishers bathed in morning's magic hues—
A gorgio boy, rapt by Earth's rapturous news
Of sunrise, as the kindling cloud-shapes curl—
And Shuri Lee the bright-eyed Romany girl—
Stand watching coloured floats amid the dews.

The sun's rim flares and makes the village spire
A cone of gold—and now a cone of fire,
And turns to a goldfish every perch and bream
The girl pulls out.

The boy—what charms his eyes?
He sees in glowing caves of the Eastern skies
The song-god's mystic summons in a dream.

II.

His float is snatched! . . . Where has his spirit gone?
Beyond the topmost lark, though that proud bird
Moves like a midge where ruddy steams are
stirred,

Up, up on pinions that at last have won
The strand the sons of Phœbus light upon
Who hear the Voice the Grecian poets heard—
Yea, catch the secret of Apollo's word
And drink from living springs of Helicon.

"A bite!" she cries, and grasps his bending rod:
A roach soon tosses glittering on the sod.

"Why, pal, you're dazed—your yockers burn so
bright!"

"Hark to that music, Shuri, see that sight;
I've caught the song-god's secret—seen the god."

"A god? Dabla! he made you miss that bite."

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON.

THE ARAB IN HIS OWN COUNTRY.

BY L. MARCH PHILLIPPS.

IN a country like ours, and the same is true of most others, Nature's aspects are so many and various that it is usually impossible to trace with any clearness their effect on human character. We do, indeed, recognise the reality of natural influences; for not only have all scenes something of a human significance in our eyes, not only are they grave, or gay, or stern, or gentle, according to their several characters, but when we go among such scenes, among spring meadows or the terrible sea-swilled Cornish cliffs, we cannot help feeling that these moods of Nature call forth a corresponding mood in ourselves, that they are formative and character-making influences, and that if we were to submit ourselves long enough to their action our own nature would in some way or other show the marks of their handling. Only, of course, we never do so submit ourselves and never can. Where scenes are varied and men shift easily the individual is like a kodak-film on to which a thousand views have been snapshotted; the final result being generally indecipherable. Nevertheless because this is so in England it does not prove that it must be the case everywhere. Suppose instead of fifty contradictory snapshots we could procure one long and steady exposure; suppose, that is, we could find a region where Nature was utterly different from all that we know of her, where she was not only peculiarly and strongly marked in her own features, so that her impress might be unmistakable, but uniform and of one character throughout, so that it might be unbroken and coherent, and suppose also that the inhabitants of this strange country were of

unmixed breed and had undergone its weird influence without a break since men were first invented—in such a case, I suppose, we should find that Nature's influence would be apparent and easily distinguishable. One might go a step further. If the conditions I speak of, of singularity and durability, were present to a perfect extent one can easily imagine that Nature might so truly have created man in her own image that the very features and character of the landscape might become an index to the racial qualities of its inhabitants and might present to us in concrete form the very traits which, through that race, are active in the world. Such a visible interpretation of racial character would surely be of no small interest and significance.

Now, of all places in the world the desert probably is that which fulfils most perfectly these conditions. Patiently, and for countless generations, it has impressed on its denizens an aspect of nature in an extraordinary degree unique and singular. Before the reader doubts the power of Nature to achieve the results I have hinted at, I wish he could go out into the desert and live its life for however brief a space. From the first moment that he drifts off into that vast solitude and wanders across its gaunt surface, sucking in through shut teeth the fiery desert air, he will feel that he is submitting himself to conditions almost as singular, almost as different from all he has been accustomed to, as if he had been suddenly endowed with fins and a tail and were oaring his course through coral depths, breathing through his gills. Our main thought about Nature is always of her beneficence, her generosity and fruitfulness. The earth is our "mother". Her ripe cornfields and loaded vineyards, and all the thousand-and-one things she brings, are gifts of a mother to her children. She nourishes us, gives us life, as on her breast we hang and suck. There is in one of Mr. Haggard's stories an account of an ineffably beautiful woman blasted by magic flame into the semblance of a withered mummy. Such is the change that takes place under our eyes as the scorched stones and sand of the desert replace green slopes and gardens. It is Mother Death who rules these broad acres, and she brings you no corn and wine, and pampers you with no murmuring streams and shady groves, but day by day eyes you, as a duellist eyes his enemy along the crossed blades, waiting for a chance to get a thrust home. A dried well, a leaky water-skin, and the white bones that gleam sometimes from the sand by the track-side hint your too probable fate. The difference between Nature as we know her and as the Arab knows her is the difference between life and death, love and hate. For ages the Arab tribes have met Nature as an enemy, have looked back into her fierce eyes with eyes as fierce, and encountered her deadly vigilance with an equal vigilance of their own.

And yet there is something splendid in the hostility of the desert. If there is need of endurance, the desert helps you to endure. If perpetual vigilance is required of you, perpetual vigilance inhabits these wastes and comes of its own accord when most needed. A few mouthfuls of food, an occasional sip of coffee, an evening draught of brackish water, are all your body craves in a land where the pure air itself is food and drink. The longest day's march leaves you untired at its close. The scorching rays that play on and through you and wrap you in an embrace of fire bring no lassitude, but rather sharpen and stimulate each faculty, until seeing, feeling, hearing, and moving become each a separate delight. Like a fiddlestring tautened to concert pitch, you make music at a touch. Never did you guess till now what capacity was in you, what funds of devilishness and craft lurked in your dull being. You consider yourself with astonishment and with something of the same pride, perhaps, with which a dragon-fly, new hatched from the grub and darting in the sunlight, may contemplate his altered mien and aspect.

Thus in the desert are you perpetually braced for the perpetual encounter with the desert itself. It is this bracing process, this renovating of deadened sensibilities, that constitutes that potent attraction which all acknowledge who have had experience of desert life. And this process, too, it is of which the traces are so clearly to be read in every Arab face and form. Remember, in the desert, how you looked and listened, how you seemed doubly alive, how lightly and swiftly

you moved; then watch in every Arab the same traces of a superior vitality. What in you were fugitive impulses have in his case, under the impress of ages, become fixed racial characteristics. In every motion, in every glance, in the electric influence that seems to exhale from his very presence, he betrays a nature tempered and stimulated by its habitual surroundings to the duel which life amid such surroundings involves. By this you know him among a thousand. The training which so wonderfully enhances his perceptive faculties has given to the Arab's mien and manner a peculiar distinction. Observe him among a group of European tourists at the Hôtel des Palmes. He is at once the most sensitive yet the most composed of his company. Perfectly self-sufficing, he needs not to share his emotions with others, and although not the slightest glance or gesture of those around him escapes his notice, the calmness of his own face is never ruffled by more than a slight and grave smile. His courtesy is of that delicate and careful quality natural to men who are brave and sensitive and who often meet in lonely places, and there hangs about him, and is subtly conveyed in his step and bearing, that air of a more swift and finer apprehension which one always associates with the idea of pure breeding.

There is another side to all this, it is true—a side of Arab character which expresses the limitations of the desert, its emptiness and fatal instability. None of the strength and none of the thoughts that have their roots in social unity belong to the Arab, for the life that nourishes such strength and such thoughts is in the desert impossible. That however we may return to another time. For the moment let us fix our eyes on what in the Arab is positive, on what the desert has given him, not on what it has denied him. I have said that even you, an amateur, in the short bout with the desert represented by a week's or a month's ride, must feel the influence of this most singular country acting upon your character and temperament. During this moment, while you are nourished on the makings of the Arab race, you partake of its nature sufficiently to get glimpses of insight into it. The landscape interprets it to you. Breathing this air, gazing on this land of death, body and senses give to the touches and pressures that have made the Beduin by your side what he is. Some barrier yields, and you could say to him, like Mowgli to his wolf-brethren, "We be of one skin, you and I".

CORRESPONDENCE.

WHAT TO DO WITH A PLOT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Old Buildings, Lincoln's Inn, 1 October 1908.

SIR,—The tragic death of Professor Churton Collins has brought into prominence the intense interest he took in the study of criminology, and comments have been made that he never attempted the writing of fiction based upon his hobby.

As a matter of fact he did contemplate it, but whether it was that his literary soul revolted from the cheapness of such work, or whether it was that he could never spare the time to put his plans and ideas on paper, I am unaware. But the Professor had read some of my attempts in that direction and was kind enough to tell me he liked them, and knowing that I did such work, and also that my profession brought me at the Old Bailey into contact with real crime and genuine criminals, Mrs. Churton Collins suggested to us that we should make the attempt to produce a detective story in collaboration. The Professor took kindly to the idea, and on the last occasion I saw him at his house—some few weeks ago—he put before me two plots he had thought out, to see what I could make of them. The one which he elaborated to me in the greater detail he had evidently thought out carefully and completely. It is one of the finest plots of that nature which I have ever come across.

I am puzzled now to know what I should do. I have no right, or wish, or intention to appropriate that plot

as my own, but at the same time I hesitate to use it and give it as a joint production to the public in a form which to my sorrow he will never be able to approve, amend or revise. And yet it is a pity that the plot should be thrown away.

Furthermore, the notes I have of it, as the Professor told it to me, would make but little more than a magazine story in length; yet he meant it as the plot for a book, and it would be a pity to waste it in a few thousand words for a magazine. It really needs the personal narrative (essential to the length of a book) around which the mystery could be woven. What story Professor Churton Collins had in his mind for this purpose I do not know—he hinted none to me. I really think he had contented himself with planning out the mystery of the crime.

You, Sir, are a severe critic of literary ethics and etiquette. What course ought I to follow? I have myself thought the fairest way would be to write the best book I can on the basis of the plot, printing at the end verbatim the exact notes I have, as they were written down within a couple of hours of the matter having been explained to me. Would that be in accord with what the literary world would regard to be the correct procedure?

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

A. C. FOX-DAVIES.

[If Mr. Fox-Davies has no difficulties with Professor Churton Collins' representatives in what he proposes, nobody else, we should think, would be likely to trouble about it.—ED. S.R.]

MR. CAMERON CORBETT'S POSITION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

325 Eglinton Street, Gorbals, Glasgow,
24 September 1908.

SIR,—As a regular reader of your valuable journal I duly observed the correspondence which has ensued upon your editorial comments regarding the above matter. While desirous of contributing some facts, and not merely offering opinions, I have been unfortunately prevented from doing so at an earlier stage, and fear that this will be too late for your issue of the 26th inst.

From the evidence which I submit for your consideration, but which meantime cannot be published, you will I feel certain recognise that the opinions of "Fidelis" are thoroughly sound, and your own strictures more than justified. It will further show, I trust, that anything which I may here advance is not wild assertion, but is based on solid proof, and that I am directly in touch with the whole circumstances.

As for Mr. Pash, he is I think to be excused for his conclusions, seeing that his information could only have been gained from the reports "engineered" by the so-called Liberal Unionist Association of Tradeston, and furnished to the press. I am wholly ignorant as to what Mr. Corbett recently stated in Oxford Town Hall, but desire now to acquaint Mr. Pash that the hon. gentleman stated at the conference with the Executive Committee of the Tradeston Conservative Association "that my general sympathies have been with the British policy of the present Government". That after Parliament meets he will support that policy "from the Government benches"; that he puts "Licensing policy and Free Trade as being the most immediately urgent questions for me". On being asked if he would give a "general support and adherence to Mr. Arthur Balfour in his policy of the Unionist opposition party" otherwise than on these two questions, he replied, "That will be quite an impossible position . . . if I was sitting on the Government benches I would not be giving a general support to the policy of the Opposition". Mr. Pash can compare these statements with Mr. Corbett's Imperialist utterances in the Oxford Town Hall, and see how far they agree. I am not in a position to do so.

Regarding your other correspondent, Wm. C. Murison, the matter is very different. He seeks to speak from direct local knowledge, and in that capacity takes you to task for your strictures in your issue of the 22nd ult. Well, his letter of the 24th ult. bore no local

address, either private or business; while that of the 12th inst. bears the address "Kingston, Glasgow". This is very comprehensive, and extremely indefinite. Indeed, were a communication to be sent to Mr. Murison, "Kingston, Glasgow", it would certainly be returned by the postal authorities as "insufficiently addressed". "Kingston" is the distinctive title to the 20th Municipal Ward, and with that of "Gorbals", or 19th Ward, forms the Parliamentary Division of Tradeston. I was willing, however, to think that perhaps it was modesty that caused Mr. Murison not to attach his address, seeing that if he had done so he might have been troubled with some reporter desiring an interview with this political Solomon. Well, Sir, I have taken the trouble to scrutinise the list of voters for the Kingston Ward, with the result that among the 6567 names which comprise it, no male or female elector of the name of "Murison" appears. So far, therefore, Mr. Murison I think is under the obligation of giving some evidence why he presumes to speak with local knowledge. If he is a Unionist, he certainly is not a member of the Conservative Association, and if his connexion is with the Liberal Unionist Association, the least said the better. This is always allowing that he resides in the division.

As showing, however, that he practically was ignorant of the true position of matters, he states in his letter of the 24th ult. that "the local political [Unionist] associations, after ascertaining that he still remains an opponent of Home Rule, have, as you are doubtless aware, decided not to ask him to resign his seat 'at the present time'". In point of fact it was only on the afternoon of the 24th ult. that Mr. Corbett and Mr. Henderson, hon. secretary of the Conservative Association, arranged with each other to meet the full Executive Committee on the 27th ult. in order to learn what his precise views and intentions for the future were. That conference took place, and so far-reaching was Mr. Corbett's statement regarded that it was decided to submit the whole matter to a special meeting of the entire membership. That meeting was exceptionally largely attended, and while a certain statement as to what transpired was furnished to the press, it in no way reflected the opinion and feelings of those present on the question of Mr. Corbett's resignation.

I might, Sir, offer some criticism to Mr. Murison's claim as to those "who have had closer opportunities of judging the man and his work", but think I shall not be considered discourteous when I say that until he gives some proof of his own bona fides to speak from local knowledge I must decline to do so.

I am, yours faithfully,

MARR GRIEVE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Common Room, Middle Temple, E.C.,
1 October 1908.

SIR,—Since the two meetings that were held by the Tradeston Unionist Association to consider the position the constituency was put in by Mr. Cameron Corbett's determination to support the Government in the Licensing Bill, and at which meetings it was resolved not to ask him to resign, Mr. Cameron Corbett has, I observe, actually gone to the recent bye-election at Newcastle and assisted Mr. Shortt, the defeated Radical candidate, and not only that, but "moved a resolution in favour of Mr. Shortt's candidature" (see "The Times", 16 September 1908, p. 10). I think Mr. Cameron Corbett has forfeited, by this action, the right to the confidence of the constituency, and if the association do not intend to take the matter up it is clearly one for the intervention of those at the headquarters of the party in London. I am delighted that Mr. Renwick should have won such a glorious victory for the party, and that Mr. Cameron Corbett's efforts to deprive the party of the seat were such a dismal and such a hopeless failure.

It is, in my view, and, I feel confident, in that of all staunch and steadfast Unionists, reprehensible in the highest degree that a Unionist member of Parliament should go to a bye-election and endeavour to secure the return of the Radical candidate. The effect and influence of such conduct and behaviour is diametrically

opposed to the interests of the Unionist party, and to those of the Unionist candidate, as they tend to create dispeace and dissatisfaction among the rank and file of the party in the constituency, and are a direct encouragement to disloyalty to the party. Such a state of matters is intolerable, and clearly action must be taken in the matter.

It does not alter my views "that there is a strong Liberal Unionist Association in the division". The duty of the Association is to demand Mr. Cameron Corbett's resignation. It will not be difficult to find an able candidate for the constituency, and one who will be staunch and true and loyal to the party and to the Unionist cause. I have not the slightest wish or desire "to inflict a little bit of humiliation on Tradeston's parliamentary representative". But as one who has done a great deal of work for the Unionist party, and always shall do, I resent Mr. Cameron Corbett's conduct, and so I am sure do all right-thinking Unionists, and I do not intend to stand by and see any member of the party doing his best to wreck it without protesting to the very best of my ability.

I may inform your correspondent that I do possess full information on the subject of the position in Tradeston; but even if I were in ignorance of the mere local affairs there, and the arrangements between the Unionist and Conservative Associations, I would rather be in ignorance of these than be in ignorance of what party loyalty is and of my duty to the Unionist party and cause.

I am, yours faithfully,

FIDELIS.

[This correspondence is now closed.—Ed. S. R.]

COLONEL SEELY AND NEW YORK STATE UNEMPLOYMENT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

7 Victoria Street, S.W., 1 October 1908.

SIR,—In the press reports of the speech delivered last week at Chesterfield by Colonel Seely, Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, I find the following passage: "It appeared that the percentage of unemployed (in New York State) in March 1908, owing to lack of work, was 31·9 per cent., compared with 12·9 per cent. at the corresponding date a year ago. . . . The fact that the figures had risen from 12·9 to 31·9 in a year was convincing proof that the stability of employment which the protectionists claimed for their system was a complete delusion."

These New York State figures, which are being freely used throughout the country at present by free trade writers and speakers, are grossly misleading when compared, as they naturally will be by those who do not realise their nature and significance, with the smaller figures of our own trade unionist returns of unemployment reported month by month in the "Labour Gazette". The impossibility of any such comparison is clearly shown by the following passage from a letter recently sent to a correspondent in this country by Mr. L. W. Hatch, chief statistician of the State of New York Department of Labour, and as such responsible for the figures in question:

"In two respects it will be found that there are fundamental differences between the two sets of returns. First, our figures cover all sorts of unemployment from different causes, including not only idleness from lack of work, but idleness caused by strikes, sickness or any other reason. The figures of the Board of Trade, on the other hand, represent only unemployment due to lack of work, as expressly stated in the monthly 'Gazette'. Further, the British statistics are based on returns by unions having out-of-work benefits and so are very accurate, representing only those who are actually drawing such benefits. Our figures, on the other hand, in only a small degree are based on such returns, being chiefly careful estimates of union officials based on general knowledge of their membership. In the second place, the industries represented, and especially the proportion in which each is represented, in the two returns, vary greatly, with corresponding difference in the significance of the total figures. For example, in our figures the building industry is the

chief one represented, whereas in the British figures it is the engineering industry."

It is obvious from such considerations that, as Mr. Hatch points out, "any comparison based on the figures just as they stand wholly misrepresents the facts". "It would be impossible for him", he says, "to give figures which he could certify as comparable with the British returns."

But this is not all. Scarcely less unjustifiable than the comparison suggested, consciously or unconsciously, by Colonel Seely and others who quote these New York State figures is the moral they draw from them. In his report on the trade of New York for the year 1907 (Cd. 3727) Mr. Consul-General Bennett says:

"Owing mainly to the recent financial crisis, and the consequent necessity for economy, many great manufacturing industries have been compelled to discharge hands or to keep the men working shorter hours. This led to a great deal of distress during the winter months, and in January it was estimated that in New York alone there were over 175,000 men out of employment."

Again, referring to the vast inflow of alien immigrants admitted last year into the United States, the Consul-General says:

"The mass of these new immigrants being of the labouring class and representing unskilled labour has brought about certain definite results so far as New York is concerned. Of the 1,193,500 immigrants who came in during 1907, New York received 386,244, Pennsylvania 230,905, and Illinois 104,156. The greater part of this large flow remained in the Atlantic States, and the largest part of all in New York City. The result has been that New York has an immense surplus of unskilled labour."

Mr. Bennett calls attention also to the fact, stated in a report of the New York State Commissioner for Labour, that "previous to the crisis there had been a marked depression in the building trades, in which about one-third of the organised workers of New York are employed, and that it began in September".

It will be seen from these passages that, in the opinion of those best qualified to judge, the chief causes of the recent increase in New York State unemployment were:

- (1) A "financial" panic.
- (2) A "marked depression" in the building trade.
- (3) A marked increase in the dimensions of the American "immigration" problem.

The idea that the tariff had or could have anything to do with the increased unemployment is not even hinted at either by Mr. Bennett or by Mr. Seymour Bell, British commercial agent in the United States, who in his last report, published some months ago, supports Mr. Bennett in describing the recent crisis as "entirely financial". Mr. Bell also reports that "the worst of the storm has now passed", and assures us that business in the United States is already "returning to safer and more normal conditions".

If in the face of such facts free traders continue to ascribe the recent depression to protection, to what do they ascribe this remarkably speedy recovery? As the Dingley Tariff is still in operation it can hardly be due to free trade. The fact is our free trade friends are on the horns of a dilemma in this matter. Either the American depression, with its consequent unemployment, was due to protection or it was not. If they say protection was the cause, they are faced by the fact that the best evidence available, as I have shown, lends no support to such an assertion. If they choose the latter alternative, and admit that protection had nothing to do with the matter, they stultify themselves in using these American unemployment figures as an argument for free trade. Colonel Seely's ostensible reason for using the figures, it is true, was merely to show that protection does not guarantee "stability of employment" at all times and under any conceivable circumstances. But as such miraculous powers have never been claimed for protection, which obviously cannot prevent, though it may and does, I believe, mitigate the results of panic in the money market and alien immigration, such an argument scarcely deserves serious consideration.

Yours faithfully,

G. GRAHAM ANDERSON,
Literary Secretary Tariff Reform League.

REVIEWS.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

"The Age of Shakespeare." By Algernon Charles Swinburne. Chatto & Windus. 6s.

MR. SWINBURNE dedicated his fine series of sonnets on the Elizabethan dramatists to the memory of Charles Lamb; and to the same beloved memory he now inscribes the essays that he has collected under the title of "The Age of Shakespeare". A century hence pious students, worshipping at the shrine of "Saint Charles" (as Lamb was affectionately called by Thackeray), will not forget to twine a votive wreath in remembrance of Algernon Charles Swinburne.

There are nine essays, dealing with nine dramatists—Marlowe, Webster, Dekker, Marston, Middleton, William Rowley, Thomas Heywood, Chapman, and Cyril Tourneur. Again and again Mr. Swinburne has sung Marlowe's praise in rolling verse and resonant prose, but not even Mr. Swinburne's devotion can exaggerate the debt that poetry owes to the founder of English tragedy. Webster's indulgence in metrical lawlessness is a constant stumbling-block to his admirers. Why a poet whose verse is at times absolutely faultless should so frequently cast away all rule and restraint is a question more easily asked than answered. On this subject Mr. Swinburne has some remarks that our present-day poets might profitably take to heart:

"It cannot, I fear, be denied that Webster was the first to relax those natural bonds of noble metre 'whose service is perfect freedom'—as Shakespeare found it, and combined with perfect loyalty to its law the most perfect liberty of living and sublime and spontaneous and accurate expression. I can only conjecture that this greatest of the Shakespeareans was misguided out of his natural line of writing, as exemplified and perfected in the tragedy of Vittoria, and lured into this cross and crooked byway of immetrical experiment by the temptation of some theory or crotchet on the score of what is now called naturalism or realism; which, if there were any real or natural weight in the reasoning that seeks to support it, would of course do away, and of course ought to do away, with dramatic poetry altogether: for if it is certain that real persons do not actually converse in good metre, it is happily no less certain that they do not actually converse in bad metre. In the hands of so great a tragic poet as Webster a peculiar and impressive effect may now and then be produced by this anomalous and illegitimate way of writing. . . . But it is a step on the downward way that leads to the negation or the confusion of all distinctions between poetry and prose."

The essay on Dekker is perhaps the most delightful in the volume. Since the days of Lamb and Hazlitt the best of Dekker's plays have never wanted admirers; but his prose, with the exception of "The Gull's Horn-book" (which was consulted by antiquaries for the light that it throws on Elizabethan manners and customs), had no chance of becoming known until it was collected by Dr. Grosart. Mr. Swinburne was, we believe, the first of the moderns to insist on the merits of "The Bachelor's Banquet", which enjoyed wide popularity throughout the seventeenth century. All who have read this masterpiece of honest mirth will agree that "a healthier, manlier, more thoroughly good-natured and good-humoured book was never written". And those who know Dekker's little book of devotions (only a single copy, and that imperfect, has been found) will not reject the very high claim made for it by Mr. Swinburne—that it deserves to rank with the Collects.

Ben Jonson told Drummond of Hawthornden that Dekker was a "rogue"; but there is no need to-day to take sides with Dekker against Jonson or Jonson against Dekker. Holding the profoundest admiration for Jonson, we may yet keep for Dekker a very warm place in our heart. All of us must have known some poor friend in the shade who has never won success, but whose baffled labours mean more—ininitely more—to them that love him than the achievements of men who have been crowned with fame. To Dekker, who

seems to have spent half his days in a debtor's prison, success never came in his lifetime; but grave historians of English literature, unless they wish to write themselves down asses, will have to take count of him as one who not only "had poetry enough for anything", but was a prose writer of high and varied attainments, a worthy precursor of Defoe.

From Dekker we pass to Marston, whose works are preserved in a very corrupt state and need more rigorous editing than they have yet received. Marston appeals only to a small circle of robust scholars. His expressed wish was that his works should be forgotten. Readers are repelled by his violence, his coarseness, his uncouth vocabulary; but these faults are redeemed by flashes of magnificent imagery, by sustained passages of dignified poetry, and by genuine (though heavy-handed) comic power. Mr. Swinburne's fervid praise of "The Dutch Courtesan" may encourage readers to renew their acquaintance with this uncomfortable writer.

Much of Middleton's work was hasty and ephemeral, but in "Women Beware Women" and "The Changeling" we have tragedies that are second only to Shakespeare's. His political play, "A Game of Chess", is not only astonishingly skilful, but testifies to his multifarious learning. Mr. Swinburne's praise is not too high:

"The play which brought Middleton into prison, and earned for the actors a sum so far beyond parallel as to have seemed incredible till the fullest evidence was procured, is one of the most complete and exquisite works of artistic ingenuity and dexterity that ever excited or offended, enraptured or scandalised an audience of friends or enemies: the only work of English poetry which may properly be called Aristophanic."

But it is in the great scene (which Lamb curiously omitted to include in his "Specimens") between Beatrice and De Flores in "The Changeling" that Middleton is seen at his highest. After examining that scene in detail Mr. Swinburne concludes:

"Had 'The Changeling' not been preserved we should not have known Middleton: as it is, we are more than justified in asserting that a critic who denies him a high place among the poets of England must be not merely ignorant of the qualities which involve a right or confer a claim to this position, but incapable of curing his ignorance by any process of study." In "The Changeling", and in other plays, Middleton was associated with the actor-dramatist William Rowley, to whom Mr. Swinburne devotes a short separate essay. Rowley was a rollicking humourist, whose drollery sometimes passed into sheer buffoonery; but in "All's Lost by Lust" he proved that he had no mean capacity for tragedy. Of his pleasant prose-tract, "A Search for Money", Mr. Swinburne gives a very lively notice.

At the Restoration the name of worthy Thomas Heywood—a fine scholar and, at his best, a true dramatist—was a byword of reproach, writers who had never read him affecting to regard him as the incarnation of dulness. Charles Lamb perhaps overpraised him. No English man of letters, not even Defoe, turned out a more astounding quantity of work than Heywood, and certainly no writer was ever less self-conceited. Mr. Swinburne's essay on him shows just and tender appreciation.

In 1875 appeared Mr. Swinburne's searching and illuminating "Study" of George Chapman. Only a brief notice of Chapman is given in the present volume, but it will serve as an introduction to the earlier "Study".

The last essay deals with that very mysterious writer Cyril Tourneur, author of "The Revenger's Tragedy" and "The Atheist's Tragedy". As the first of these plays is so far superior to the second, Mr. Fleay boldly questions Tourneur's authorship, and would assign "The Revenger's Tragedy" to Webster (a course for which we can find no justification). A reader who fails to be impressed by this terrific tragedy is not to be envied: but Mr. Swinburne is simply obsessed by it.

There is no prefatory note to say when and where these essays originally appeared. With several of them we have long been acquainted, but some—at least in their present form—we do not recognise. It were to be wished that Mr. Swinburne would give up disparaging

Euripides; would not so constantly gird at Byron; and would admit that Fletcher was indubitably concerned in the authorship of "Henry VIII."

EDUCATION IN MORALITY.

"Moral Instruction and Training in Schools: Report of an International Inquiry." 2 vols. Edited by M. E. Sadler. London: Longmans. 1908. 10s. net.

THE range and minuteness of the information contained in these two solid volumes testifies to a remarkable amount of thorough and intelligent investigation. The compilation contains the results of the labours of a committee, nominated by a private conference recently held in London, to consider whether moral instruction and training in schools might not be made more systematic and effective. The book is composed of essays dealing with the various aspects of the subject, and information about methods employed and results obtained, not only in the schools of this country, but in the principal European countries, the United States, the Colonies, and Japan: of course there is necessarily a good deal of overlapping in the book, and there is perhaps a trace of bias in favour of co-education; but it is judicious, sensible, full of interesting information and suggestive comment; and anyone who feels the paramount importance of the whole question can here obtain a wide and accurate conspectus of what is being done and contemplated in the matter by men and women of experience and enthusiasm.

The danger that lies in wait for specialists, and for educational specialists perhaps more than most, is of getting lost in a maze of precedents, of thinking that a case must never be judged on its own merits but on the merits of previous and similar cases. This is a danger which Professor Sadler, who edits these volumes, has always successfully steered clear of; indeed it may be truly said of him that he is at once the most learned and the most unprejudiced educationist in the country. Teutonic in erudition, British in common-sense; and moreover he possesses an elasticity and freshness of mind which imparts vitality to the most familiar problem.

It is therefore to be hoped that Professor Sadler will not allow the question of moral training and instruction to rest embalmed in these two volumes. He contributes, it is true, a thoughtful and judicious introduction, with more than one fruitful apophthegm, and many illuminating judgments. But the documents themselves, useful as they are, do not make a book, but the material for a book. We need a masterly summary and a balanced expression of a deliberate theory. The volumes themselves, like all reports, tend to a certain degree of bewilderment. Of course the question of moral training and instruction lies behind all education. If education does not confer at all events a bias in the direction of sound morality, it is worse than useless. As Professor Sadler says, "The question of moral education is the heart of the modern educational problem. If this is neglected, education is a peril". What is therefore most needed is the expression of a definite theory of action, which can focus the possibilities of the situation, and which, based on due perception of, and sympathy with, national characteristics, can indicate the most fruitful path to follow, and decide how far instruction and training alike should be direct or indirect, and how far a system should be modified to meet the needs of the different social strata concerned. It is much to be hoped that Professor Sadler may see his way to producing a short and forcible treatise on these points, and that the experiments he suggests may be given a fair trial.

Much material for reflection is suggested by the second volume, which is given up to reports dealing with foreign and colonial methods; and this portion of the book, though it is extremely interesting, is perhaps less practically valuable, because no educational system can have any real vitality which does not grow up of itself out of national conditions and character; and to impose a system on a nation because it has borne fruit in another nation is the most short-sighted form of bureaucratic pedantry. The volume is interesting because it shows how successful a system of moral training can be which is based upon a real and intimate

perception of national idiosyncrasies, as in the case of Japan; and, on the other hand, how the best interests of moral education may be sacrificed, as in France, to an anti-religious movement which is mainly political in character. The chapters indeed which deal with the case of France are painfully interesting, and abound in warnings of the dangers of secularisation as a refuge from denominational controversy. It appears, however, from a recent correspondence in the "Times", that editorial omissions have been made in the French section which, in the opinion of some of the committee, unduly affect the tone of the evidence; and therefore the documents can hardly be regarded as entirely conclusive.

On the other hand, the section dealing with Germany proves, contrary to expectation, to be disappointing. One would, at all events, have anticipated that there the subject would have been systematised and even over-elaborated. But the whole question of moral instruction seems to be partly shouldered out by the pressure of the curriculum, and partly to be viewed with suspicion by teachers, whose view seems to be tinged with a vague optimism, more characteristic of English methods, and with the belief that moral training will be the natural result of efficient instruction.

The broad question which underlies the book is simply this. "Ought moral instruction and moral training to be merely incidental to education; ought they to depend upon parental influences, religious agencies, social atmosphere; ought they to lurk unseen, like Justice in Plato's republic, the unobtrusive framework of the State? Or, on the other hand, ought they to be definitely communicated and practised? Ought their inculcation to be a part, if not the chief part, of the responsibility of the teacher of the young? No one who reads these volumes in a frank and impartial spirit can be in any doubt whatever that moral training is and ought to be the chief concern and pre-occupation of the teacher, and that upon the tactful and judicious use of the opportunities which fall to teachers, and teachers alone, the future welfare of the nation largely depends. That moral instruction should somehow be conveyed by the teacher is indisputable, and it is equally incontrovertible that he is bound above all things to attempt to develop character. But at this point the difficulties begin to multiply. Should such teaching be prudential, or ethical, or idealistic, or religious, or denominational? Most people are as a rule agreed about the kind of morality that they wish to see inculcated. No one has any doubt that it is desirable that men and women should grow up self-controlled, industrious, kindly, unselfish and patriotic; but there is a considerable divergence of opinion as to the most effective motives and sanctions to which the appeal should be made. The truth is that the British nation suffers from the defects of its qualities; and that, if it is sturdy and sensible in the main, it is also to a certain extent both prudish and hypocritical, and has a shamefaced suspicion of any sort of high-flown idealism.

One of the conspicuous merits of the book is that it brings out frankly and soberly, without emotional rhetoric, the paramount necessity of ardent aspiration; and this cannot be secured by Act of Parliament; for the truth is that the virtue which is practised from material motives is not the virtue that transforms a nation. To effect that, virtue must be based upon an instinctive perception of its beauty, and upon a faculty of generous admiration. The materialistic basis is not sufficient; one is reminded of the celebrated passage of Plato, where the ironical conclusion that, when a man has made enough to live upon, he may begin to practise virtue, is triumphantly refuted by the ingenuous reply that he should begin even earlier. At the same time, it is no less necessary not to force the sense of responsibility or to strain the immature conscience unduly. This was the mistake which Dr. Arnold made; and the stronger the teacher's personality, the greater the danger; though, speaking generally, it may be said that, of the two extremes of indifference and over-stimulus the former is infinitely more likely to beset the average teacher than the latter.

The book indicates clearly enough that the solution of the question probably lies, as the solution of most educational questions lies, in the personality of the

teacher. Such moral instruction as ought to be given cannot be prescribed and codified. Merely to make moral instruction into another subject would be a grievous blunder. No one was ever induced to practise a virtue by coercion or precept. Only a few elementary virtues can be dealt with on a prudential basis; and these ought to be so dealt with: an "intelligent fear", as one of the essayists says, is not a motive to be despised. These desiderata will vary considerably with the social stratum from which the child is drawn. No doubt the ideal thing would be to be able to depend upon parental influence in such matters, but as one can by no means depend upon it, it is obviously the duty of the teacher to supply the lack. The best method is probably to lay the responsibility plainly and frankly upon the teacher. There is nothing in England that is so generously responded to as a definite delegation of responsibility. At the same time the methods to be employed ought not to be stereotyped. The responsibility ought to be clearly defined and the subject made part of the training of teachers, a considerable variety and multiplicity of method being suggested; but the choice of the particular method to be applied should be left in great measure to the individual teacher's instinct and choice.

And then too the second and even more important point would seem to be that, if moral instruction is to have the slightest value, a definite attempt must be made to kindle the imagination of children on the subject. To the ordinary child, ethical teaching, which in the light of mature experience teems with illustration, and is indeed a vivid deduction from the facts of life, is simply a series of abstract and not particularly interesting propositions. The only way in which it can be made to appeal is through the medium of biography and anecdote. A child is apt to be a vigorous partisan, and a decided critic of moral action, if the particular choice is presented in a tangible and dramatic form. Again, the child is essentially imitative, and therefore all teaching of the moral kind should be concrete in form. Many a small mind is quite incapable of realising an ideal of civic duty, and yet can be put all in a glow by a vivid instance of self-sacrifice and patriotism. It may be said that the criterion of a child is not a moral one at all, and that what the child admires is strength and success, rather than high-mindedness and a sense of duty. That is undoubtedly true; but what it points to is that the subject should be judiciously and wisely handled, and still more that virtues like Christian meekness or holiness—ideals, the beauty of which only slowly dawns upon the mind—should not be unduly pressed. Much harm has been done by religious teachers in the past eliminating the romantic elements of virtue, and insisting too exclusively upon the maturer qualities. There is a time for all things; and if children will respond to the records of noble and generous moral action, and revolt from what is mean and cold, then let them be habituated to ideas the grandeur of which they can comprehend; and we may trust to the years to bring the appreciation of the more delicate and subtle virtues.

The Moral Education Congress, which has just concluded its sittings, is a notable proof, if proof were needed, of the deep and widespread interest which the whole subject is now evoking. Congresses generate enthusiasm, committees consolidate and organise it; the latter is at the present moment perhaps the more needful process. It is thus to be hoped that the committee will continue their labours in the direction of suggesting and indicating definite methods by which the desired results can be attained.

LIFE IN ITALY.

"Home Life in Italy." By Lina Duff Gordon (Mrs. Aubrey Waterfield). London: Methuen. 1908. 10s. 6d. net.

TO make one's abode in Italy for a season, not in any of the too well-known cities, but in some country house, old villa, castle or *fortezza*, is, if we but knew it, one of the most salutary and strengthening of medicines for the healing of a body and soul worn out

by our confused and barbarous civilisation. Though so much that is simple, quiet, and sincere in life is lost to us by our own fault, or has been destroyed, these retreats at least are left, and will restore to us that sanity, sense of proportion and dignity, of which the hideous struggle for life in our modern cities seems to have robbed us for ever. But why should this be so, asks the Englishman, loving so well and so justly his own beautiful land, and a little jealous for its reputation? It might almost seem as though this book had been written to answer that very question. For the writer, as it happens, one day in 1905 entered into possession of an old *fortezza*, "an empty castle among the Carrara mountains", and the whole of this delightful book is devoted to an account of her life there, with her household, among the people of the Lunigiana, the most northern corner of Tuscany. It is in telling us thus of her daily life with these people that, really unconsciously, she answers our question.

To begin with, one cannot read halfway through her book without feeling something of the essential humanism of Italian life, its simplicity in all its human relationships, a kind of universality that we have lost. We see her among her friends, the little shopkeepers of Brunella, the *contadini* of the countryside, all sorts and conditions of people, not the least friendly of whom and, as we can see, really beloved, are her own servants. Yes, just that is one of the things the most astonishing to the non-Italianate Englishman, and still more to his womenkind. For whatever dreams we may have in England of equality and friendship, with us it is only too true that the lower orders remain the lower orders; if we should entertain them in the drawing-room they would be hurt and uncomfortable; if we should talk to them as equals and friends, and not as our servants, they would either despise us or take advantage of us. There is no real humanism in England, where, in spite of everything, the middle class insists upon keeping up "caste", really of course in self-defence. But in Italy everyone is intensely human; by which we mean that the mere fact that we are all men and women and, for the matter of that, Christians, is the common ground on which all may and do meet. In England, if we ever had such a ground, we have built over it some city like London full only of strangers. And no doubt, living as we do so much in huge cities, we have lost much of what friendliness we had, the friendliness of the country. However that may be, in Italy one's servants are one's friends. Mariannina and Adelina are, indeed, among the most charming people in this book, and, absolutely naïve and natural as they are, we may be sure that the author is not deceiving us. But if they are charming, what are we to think of the other inhabitants of this simple world, of Giovanni, the immaculate butler, for instance?

"One day", said Giovanni, "I will sing to you. I sing very well."

"It is true", murmured the servants.

Or what shall we say of Ulisse, the stonemason, who, in writing to his employers, signs himself "Suo amico Ulisse"? Or of the local sportsman who, when remonstrated with for shooting blackbirds and other songsters—as they will in Italy—listened attentively, so that it was thought an impression had been made, until looking up with eyes very wide open he exclaimed, "Sangue della Madonna! then you have no sport in England?"

But Mrs. Waterfield by no means confines herself to the people; she writes well of the customs and superstitions, the evil eye, witches, omens, *Messer il Diavolo*, and certain ancient rites that still get themselves performed in Italy, of the country fairs, and of courtship and marriage.

Indeed, we have but one quarrel with her—her treatment of the country priest and of the actual religion of the country as she seems to have seen it. But let this pass; it is a blot, we think, though perhaps not a very serious one, on her book; and it is half-redeemed by the simplicity and philosophy of the people of whom she writes, which will keep breaking in; as when *Sor Angiolini* was told that the priests of Mrs. Waterfield's religion are allowed to marry: "*Ci sarebbero*", he says, "*Ci sarebbero meno peccati commessi e meno bastardi per il mondo*".

We strongly recommend every lover of Italy to read this book. It is excellent and it is absolutely true. But we must draw the reader's attention to the last chapter, "Cherubina's Diary". This is the actual diary of an Italian girl of the peasantry who came to England with an Englishman and his wife as their servant. It is among the most beautiful and simple things that have been written, and Mrs. Waterfield's book gains greatly by its inclusion.

Yes, we may certainly agree with Ulisse, who was used to say, nodding his head wisely, "I say that the fortezza is a paradise, that it is the most beautiful place that God has created on our earth. Io lo dico".

THE MYSTERY OF BUDDHISM.

"The Creed of Buddha." By the Author of "The Creed of Christ". London: Lane. 1908. 5s.

THE anonymous author of this interesting little book begins his preface with the frank admission that he does "not know a word of Pāli or any other Eastern language", and that he is consequently dependent for his knowledge of Buddhism on the scholars who have translated the Buddhist scriptures and endeavoured to explain the teaching of the Buddha. It seems, therefore, somewhat temerarious—to use no stronger expression—for a writer who confessedly takes his information at second-hand to criticise and reject the conclusions of his teachers and to come forward with a new doctrine of his own. True, "Lookers-on see most of the game", and possibly Buddhist scholars have been too much absorbed by the minutiae of grammar and dictionary or too profoundly influenced by Western prepossessions to see what is plainly visible to the unprejudiced bystander. But we are bound to say that it is not likely.

Nevertheless "The Creed of Buddha" is well worth reading. It is suggestive and stimulating, and even if we doubt its being a correct representation of the philosophy of the Buddha, it contains much that will do the European reader no harm to keep in mind. Though the founder of Buddhism was not "akin to us in blood", as the writer believes, and the opinion that Christ owed some of His teaching to Indian inspiration cannot be supported historically, there are yet elements in Buddhism which have a claim upon the sympathy of the Western Christian of to-day. Its sublime moral code and the intensely human personality of its founder appeal to us of the twentieth century in a way that they have never appealed to the Western world before. We have, therefore, nothing but welcome to offer to a sympathetic interpretation of a religion which still exercises so much power over the religious life of the East.

It is only when we are asked to accept the interpretation as representing the actual doctrine, or rather philosophy, of the Buddha that we are forced to part company with its author. He tells us, very truly, that the East and West have different ways of looking at things, more especially in matters of religion, and that it is exceedingly difficult for a Western to divest himself of his inherited and acquired habits of thought and regard the world through the eyes of the Oriental. It may be questioned whether the writer himself has succeeded in doing so; at all events, the meaning that he reads into the teaching of the Buddha, and the interpretation which he consequently gives to it, would be rejected by the orthodox oriental Buddhist of to-day.

He has much to say about that so-called antagonism between the "head" and the "heart", that is to say between the reason and the emotions, which occupies a considerable place in certain classes of modern semi-religious literature, and he concludes that the antagonism is due to our not recognising that head and heart in the Western sense are alike impermanent unrealities. We must get back to the Buddha and the selfless "soul". Here alone, in the soul which lies as it were within us and unites the individual with the universal, is salvation to be found. But we are never told what this "soul" is. Its existence—if the author will pardon the use of such a word—is taken for granted, quite as much as the existence of the Ego was taken for granted by

Descartes. Before we can accept the doctrine of Buddhism as expounded by our author, we must know what he means by "soul". What, again, does he mean by the terms "real" and "unreal"? The "real", we are assured, is not the same as the existent; but this does not carry us very far. The fact is that behind this new reading of Buddhism lies the old "antinomy of the reason" in its relation to the finite and infinite. We are bound to believe in the infinite; but a finite being cannot actually conceive of it. As soon as we speak of the infinite it ceases to be the infinite and becomes finite. Man cannot pass beyond the limitations of his existence, and the supposition that he can do so is but a mirage.

Hence Buddhism, which places salvation in knowledge, has never succeeded in transforming the sinner into the saint. It has its saints indeed, some of whom have led lives of the highest purity and simple-hearted godliness, but they have been men of naturally saint-like character. And the reason is simple: we cannot know the infinite; as the old Hebrew writer asked: "Canst thou by searching find out God?" It was the rock on which the Gnostic systems split; we may speculate as much as we will about God and the soul, the real and the infinite, but our speculations are bounded by the limits of a narrow world. It was not the philosophy of the Buddha—if indeed he had any—which made him the founder of a religion and still attracts the sympathy and admiration of the modern scholar, but his love for his fellow-men, his effort to remove their burden of suffering, and the exalted morality which he taught.

The author of "The Creed of Buddha" is at pains to defend his hero from the charges of atheism and pessimism that have been brought against him. And he is doubtless right in maintaining that the charges rest in great measure on our Western modes of thought. The charge of pessimism could with almost equal justice be brought against Christianity, and it is questionable whether the Buddha himself would have denied the existence of the divine even in the ordinary sense of the term. There was probably too much mysticism in his composition to have made it possible. But the logical result of the philosophic system which he was believed to have founded was certainly nihilism, and therewith atheism, for its supreme goal was the extinction of consciousness. And the extinction of consciousness in a finite being spells nihilism. Neither the Buddha, however, nor the great mass of his followers carried out the system to its logical conclusion; had they done so, Buddhism would have remained the faith of a few philosophers only. It would never have come as a gospel of salvation to the multitude groaning under the tyranny of caste, or have established itself among the hard-headed materialists of China and Japan.

DIANA MALLORY.

"Diana Mallory." By Mrs. Humphry Ward. London: Smith, Elder. 1908. 6s.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD has attempted in her latest novel something more than she has achieved. The machinery of the story appears to have been designed for a larger elucidation of the central situation than is offered us in the concluding chapters. The revelation to Diana Mallory of her mother's crime, up to which the plot is admirably worked, produces the explosive effects which might have been expected, flinging apart the converging existences, almost, as it were, by the very procedure which was to unite them. But there spiritually for all purposes of the story its effect ends; ends, that is, so far as it fails to produce upon the characters any developments which influence their related action. Thus the harrowing device of making the heroine aware, in the first happy moments of her engagement, that her mother was a murderess has ethically and dramatically no consequences save to postpone her marriage for a year, a task which might have been achieved by much simpler machinery. Doubtless Diana is profoundly moved, even perhaps in some measure changed, by the disclosure, but she is not altered in any way that influences the working-out.

of the tale. She goes to Italy—where else in Mrs. Humphry Ward's cosmos should she go?—there she wanders broken-heartedly with the Leader of the Opposition and the famous judge; she grows paler and thinner and more serious; but we have to remember behind these changes the loss of a lover as well as of a mother's memory, and we are inclined to allow to the lover the more preponderant influence of the two. The famous judge remarks that "it would never do if she were to get any damned nonsense about 'expiation', or not being free to marry, into her head", but there seems no likelihood of an entrance for either point of view, since Diana, despite treatment from Oliver Marsham which might have soured the milk of feminine kindness in any woman's breast, cherishes only the desire to lay her discarded charms at his feet. It could hardly have been a foolish idea of "expiation"—to temper Sir James Chide's language—which prompted her to contrive a marriage with Oliver when he was at the point of death, so that, apart from a temporary isolation, the knowledge of her mother's crime cannot be said to have affected her in her relation to others. On Lady Marsham, whom it turned from a charming old lady into a vindictive and vulgar bigot, from whom her best friends shrank, the effect was still less permanent; since within a year, for no better reason than her son's illness, she was ready to forgo her precious principles and take the criminal's daughter into her arms. Oliver seems to have considered the crime merely as affecting his mother and thereby his own career, and no other character in the story was influenced by it other than sympathetically. That is why one finds it too big for its uses; and why one imagines that more was intended than has been achieved. In what she has done Mrs. Ward sets herself a difficult task. Her Diana Mallory is not a study of anything new or subtle in womanhood, but she is a delightful creation which every reader is likely to enjoy. As a mate for her, Oliver Marsham does not at any time in the story make a good showing, even at his best. His worst is very bad indeed. He throws Diana over at a threat from his mother, a threat which would have roused any manhood there might be in him, but, as there was none, showed him for a cur. That unlovely nature was still further revealed by his treatment of Ferrier, his mother's dearest friend, and the man to whom he owed most in politics. In both affairs dirty is the only word that can adequately describe his action, and it is the worst that can be applied to the action of a gentleman. If he had been a sturdier sort of villain we could have better endured Diana's infatuation; but a man who throws over the woman whose heart he has just won, for the sake of his mother's money, and who betrays the friend of his life for the sake of political advancement, is so poor a creature that a continued affection for him appeals rather as an obliquity of taste than as a virtue, and Diana's final "throwing of herself at his head" moves us with more regret than admiration. The book is written with the care Mrs. Ward always shows, and it employs the large field of affairs which she renders so well. She does give a sense of public life; not quite so incisively as she has done before, yet as very few other English novelists can do it. But she pays for that expression of large movement by the blurred outlines of her characters. On Diana's portrait she has wrought with particular solicitude, but even Diana suffers in distinctness as soon as she is caught into the movement, and does not regain definition when she emerges. Mrs. Ward seems indeed to regard the social phenomena with such an interested eye that the individual appeals most to her as a part of its pattern.

NOVELS.

"John Silence." By Algernon Blackwood. London: Nash. 1908. 6s.

Mr. Blackwood is unfortunate in publishing his stories of the adventures of John Silence after Sherlock Holmes had ceased to be an original type of detective. The similarity is so obvious that it is the first bit of criticism that occurs to a reader. John Silence is presented to us as Physician Extraordinary, not as

detective, but this makes no difference; and the resemblance is more amusing because under the name of Hubbard our old friend Watson appears as the amiable chopping-block for his wonderful friends' deductive and inductive logic. But the resemblance ends here, and the quests of Dr. John Silence are entirely different from the quests of Sherlock Holmes. Dr. John Silence is the centre of more psychic mysteries than the Psychical Research Society ever imagined, and with unerring omniscience he makes lucid as light itself what to them is wrapped in impenetrable darkness. But is there any probability that these stories will catch the popular fancy? John Silence is billed about the town as if it were thought his figure would impress sensation-lovers as Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Nikola did. The difficulty is that while crime is real there is little belief that psychic invasions and enchantments, magic and witchcraft and astral bodies are actual matters of fact. Detectives evidently have a useful function, but Dr. John Silence and his cases are not within probability. These stories are nevertheless weird and thrilling, and their literary and psychological atmosphere makes that of the cleverest of ordinary detective stories appear thin. But they are too palpably impossible to produce illusion. They interest and excite, and Mr. Blackwood is ingenious, imaginative and skilful in description of persons, moods, and scenery; but they are just sensational and melodramatic. Nothing more; though the sensationalism is of a somewhat novel variety. Yet not altogether either, for one of the stories deals with Satan-worship and another with lukanthropy; and both are very old themes.

"A Pawn in the Game." By W. H. Fitchett. London: Smith, Elder. 1908. 6s.

Mr. Fitchett has so often given us history that might have been fiction that we naturally wonder how far his fiction bears the characteristics of his history. "A Pawn in the Game" is a rattling story of Napoleon's time, written in the superlative key of "Deeds that Won the Empire". Mr. Fitchett piles adventure on adventure, extraordinary incident being followed by more extraordinary incident, till the reader finds himself incredulous of the doings of John Lawrence—what a name of names, by the way, that is to select for the hero. There are many vivid descriptive passages in the novel—for instance, of the slums of Paris in the days when the first rumblings of the Revolution were heard. But there are some things as to which we should like to be informed. How did Jack find his way without means from Paris to London? Mr. Fitchett seems to know all about the underworld of France in the last days of Louis XVI. and the first of Napoleon, but he had to get his hero to London, and possibly knows as little as his reader how the long journey would have been accomplished by the unfortunate lad. The novel has faults, but among them is not want of grip. Mr. Fitchett seizes the reader's imagination in his own, and we prefer his historical fiction to much of his melodramatic history.

"The Sin of Gabrielle." By Mrs. Coulson Kernahan. London: Long. 1908. 6s.

This is another of Mrs. Coulson Kernahan's wild melodramas, a quite shameless piece of sensationalism which unfortunately fails to take the imagination or arouse even a languid interest in its excursions into the world of perilous adventure. The story is ill-constructed and written in a very hasty, slipshod fashion.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"Mediævalism: a Reply to Cardinal Mercier." By George Tyrrell. London: Longmans. 1908. 4s. net.

Last Lent Cardinal Mercier issued a Pastoral to the diocese of Malines in which he condemned the errors of Modernism; it was a document of no great ability, and its interest for English readers lay mainly in the fact that it branded Father Tyrrell as a typical Modernist. Father Tyrrell has not unnaturally taken up the gauntlet, and he now gives Cardinal

(Continued on page 428.)

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Mercier his opinion of him, of the Roman Church, and of the Modernist movement, with great freedom and at considerable length. The form of an "open letter" lends itself to denunciation, and a certain piquancy can always be added by introducing titles of respect, such as "your Eminence" or "your Grace", before the most merciless parts. We think, however, that this reply would have gained in power had it been more restrained, and had the author been content to explain and defend his own position without denouncing the government and morality of Rome, or holding up to scorn the weaker paragraphs of the Cardinal's pastoral; but Father Tyrrell has suffered much, and no doubt his heart is hot within him. And for this reason it is perhaps unfair to judge Modernism or its champion entirely by such a reply; it is hard to attack tyrannical orthodoxy without making one's own position appear unduly negative. This is just what Father Tyrrell has done; from his pages we should gather that emotion and morality were the essentials of Christianity; he tells us that those who follow Christ and practise His moral code accept implicitly the full measure of theology necessary for salvation; even Christ Himself is represented as preaching little more than repentance and the immediate advent of the Kingdom, and as being a preacher and a prophet rather than a Saviour who gave His life a ransom for many. We do not think for a moment that this is all the author's conception of Christianity, but it is all that is given us here. If he has hit hard in his reply he has also exposed himself; and if his opponents accuse him of preaching a Christianity without the Cross he will have some difficulty in answering them.

"A Text-book of Irish Literature." By Eleanor Hull. Part 2. Dublin: Gill. London: Nutt. 1908. 3s. 6d.

In this, the final volume of her text-book, Miss Hull continues with marked success not only to state clearly what is to be found in the Gaelic literature of Ireland, but to give some much-needed critical guidance to its students. The book is quite worth the attention of readers who do not intend to learn Irish, but are ready to hear something of an indigenous literature which ranges from legends put into rough form long before the English language reached these islands to lyrics of great verbal ingenuity and grace, though they have little originality of thought, composed by peasant bards in the early nineteenth century. To the serious student of Celtic literature the little book will be of very great service. This second volume deals with the Fenian or Ossianic cycle of tales, the Irish Annals, and Geoffrey Keating (the Herodotus of Irish history, a Roman Catholic priest of Norman-Irish blood who wrote in the reign of Elizabeth, and discussed the old legends instead of merely recording events). Miss Hull also gives an account of the eighteenth-century poetic literature of Celtic Ireland, mainly Jacobite in its themes. Catholic Ireland never rose for the Stuarts after Limerick, but while her exiles were fighting for France or Spain or Austria, the bards at home were trying to keep the old loyalties alive. Their songs were largely symbolic, and "the blackbird" of whom they spoke was Prince Charlie—a fact which, oddly enough, Miss Hull does not mention. She is guilty of one or two slips as regards extraneous matters: thus it is surprising to hear that James I. of England "had been educated as a Catholic", and Miss Hull ought not to lend her countenance to her London publisher's solecism of describing Lady Charlotte Guest, the translator of the "Mabinogion", as "Lady Guest". But in the much more important matter of treating controversial questions calmly and critically she is markedly successful. She has been converted to Mr. John McNeill's view of the Fenian legends—that they were the work of the earlier inhabitants (not necessarily, perhaps, pre-Celtic) whom the Goidelic invaders subdued but did not extirpate. Miss Hull's text-book will form an admirable—we may almost say a necessary—companion to some recent volumes of the Irish Texts Society.

"Impressions of India." By Sir H. Craik M.P. London: Macmillan. 1908. 3s. net.

Sir H. Craik has not attempted to investigate the whole of India and all its problems in three months. He chose a few typical places and saw them under very advantageous conditions. Peshawar gave him a glimpse of the frontier, Lahore and Delhi showed him native city and Anglo-Indian life, while a tour in camp with a local official introduced him to the rural life of the people and some of the realities of administration. A visit to Patiala afforded some insight into the working of a native State. His "Impressions" are generally sound and always stated with moderation and modesty. Naturally the existing unrest and the clamour of Young India for self-government have entered largely into his observations. Here is his impression of the real aspirations of the educated agitator: "Political freedom means to him an increase in the number of Government posts to which he can aspire. Constitutional privilege is the power to draw Government pay and to secure the consideration which official position gives." As might be expected, the education question has a particular attraction for Sir H. Craik. He handles it with a wisdom, clearness and impartiality which alone would make his pleasant

little book well worth the attention of those who wish to see how Indian matters present themselves to a skilled and unbiased observer.

"Nestorius and his Teaching: a Fresh Examination of the Evidence." By J. F. Bethune-Baker. Cambridge: University Press. 1908. 4s. 6d. net.

Every year sees some addition to our store of early Christian literature; lost treatises are recovered, others are restored to their rightful owners, or given to us in a complete, not fragmentary state. And this is true of heretical as well as of Catholic writers; it is not many years ago that the treatises of Priscillian were discovered by Dr. Schepps; we are hoping that Dr. Souter will present us soon with an unexpurgated edition of Pelagius' commentaries on the Pauline Epistles; and in the present book Mr. Bethune-Baker gives us a full account of Nestorius' teaching, mainly in Nestorius' own words. For lately, in a Syriac version, and under the strange title "The Bazaar of Heraclides", there has been brought to the knowledge of the West the whole account of the controversy decided at the Council of Ephesus, as written by Nestorius himself; and this apology, joined to the other writings known to be by him, afford sufficient material for a detailed examination into the doctrines held by the arch-heretic. Mr. Bethune-Baker has conducted it with acuteness, learning, and impartiality; and it is hardly possible to read his book without sharing his conclusion—that Cyril and the Council of Ephesus erred, not in condemning the view that in the incarnate Christ there were two personalities, a Divine and a human, but in asserting that Nestorius held that view; they were right in condemning the doctrine, but wrong in condemning the man, for Nestorius was not a Nestorian. He was an eloquent preacher and an orthodox Christian, possibly rather unbending in his opposition to certain popular theological terms, but honest and splendidly staunch to his convictions; and he was misunderstood—we fear we must add misrepresented—by his opponents and especially by Cyril. Many a manual of Church history, and many a course of lectures, will have to be revised in the light of "The Bazaar of Heraclides".

For this Week's Books see pages 430 and 432.



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(Continued on page 432.)

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434

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BOOTS SIX PER CENTS.**BOOTS CASH CHEMISTS (SOUTHERN) Limited,**
Chemists, Druggists, Stationers, &c.**ISSUE OF 100,000 SIX PER CENT. "C" PREFERENCE SHARES**
WITH DIVIDENDS GUARANTEED AS UNDERMENTIONED.

Subscriptions at 21s. 6d. per share are invited for 75,000 "C" Preference Shares, payable in full on application. The 1s. 6d. per share premium will be carried to the General Reserve Fund of the Company. The remaining 25,000 shares of this issue will be subsequently offered under this prospectus, probably at a higher price.

The "C" Preference Shares confer the right to a fixed cumulative dividend at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, but confer no further right to participate in profits or surplus assets. They rank immediately after the "A" and "B" Preference Shares, but are preferential to the Ordinary Shares both as to capital and dividend.

The profit for the year ending 31st March, 1908, as shown in the Auditors' Certificate amounts to ... **£25,919 0 0**
(This is without taking into account the full additional earning power of the present issue of £100,000 capital.)

Amount required for dividends on existing Preference Shares ... **£16,500 0 0**

Leaving a considerable margin exclusive of the earning power of this new capital. The dividends are further secured by the following guarantee.

Boots Pure Drug Company Limited was the vendor of the business of this Company, and holds all the Ordinary Shares issued, which, as above stated, rank after the whole of the Preference Shares both for capital and dividend. Being therefore directly interested in its success, and in order to assure the punctual payment of the Preference Dividends of this issue during the Company's further period of development, Boots Pure Drug Company Limited has entered into a covenant with trustees, on behalf of the holders of the shares of this issue, guaranteeing a dividend of 6 per cent. per annum upon such shares until the 30th June, 1914. The substantial character of the guaranteeing Company may be seen from the figures of its profits and reserves given in the table below.

It is intended to pay dividends on the present issue quarterly, the first dividend being payable on 31st December, 1908. Dividends will run from date of payment for shares allotted.

Trustees for the Guaranteed Shareholders.

JESSE BOOT, Nottingham.

Alderman JAMES DUCKWORTH, M.P., Rochdale.

Directors.

JESSE BOOT, St. Heliers, The Park, Nottingham (Chairman and Managing Director).

Alderman JAMES DUCKWORTH, M.P., Rochdale.

PERCY SPARKS, M.P.S., Wimbeldon.

Bankers.

NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK, ENGLAND, LIMITED, London, Nottingham, Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, &c.

Solicitors.—WELLS & HIND, Fletcher Gate, Nottingham.**Brokers.**

JOHN GIBBS, SON & SMITH, 29 Cornhill, and Stock Exchange, London.

Auditors.

SHARP, PARSONS & CO., Chartered Accountants, Birmingham and London.

Registered Offices—STATION STREET, NOTTINGHAM.**City Offices.**—29 FARRINGTON ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

period. Numerous large and important branches have lately been built or reconstructed for the Company, such as those at Edgware Road, Chelsea, Putney, Above Bar, Southampton, &c., where the equipment and fittings are of the highest and most expensive type, with stocks to correspond in all departments. The increase of capital has not kept pace with that of the assets, and the present issue will be available to replace sums already expended by the Company, and for further extensions and improvements.

PROFITS OF THE COMPANY.

The Auditors of the Company have given the following Certificate as to profits

AUDITORS' CERTIFICATE.

To the Directors of Boots Cash Chemists (Southern) Limited.

We hereby certify that we have audited the books and accounts of your Company since it was registered in 1901. The profits for the past three years have been as follows:

For the year ending 31st March, 1906, **£17,756**For the year ending 31st March, 1907, **£22,958**For the year ending 31st March, 1908, **£25,919**

The profits certified as above are after writing off all working and business expenses, including all charges for maintenance and repairs, and after providing liberally for depreciation, but are before providing for interest on money borrowed or for Directors' fees and remuneration to Managing Director.

SHARP, PARSONS & CO.,

Chartered Accountants.

Birmingham, 10th September, 1908.

BOOTS SIX PER CENTS.

The Preference Share issues of the R-tail Businesses, so well known as "Boots Cash Chemists" are almost exclusively Six per Cents., and owing to their regular quarterly dividends have become a favourite investment among the customers at the branches. A strong point in the accounts of the Companies is the ample depreciation provided, and only second to this is the amount of the reserve funds and the undivided profits carried forward from year to year.

This will appear evident after an inspection of the table below, which is compiled from the audited balance sheet of each of the companies named for the year ending 31st March, 1908.

Preference Shareholders of all issues of this Company are entitled to attend and vote at meetings of the Company only in case their dividends remain in arrear. Ordinary Shareholders have one vote for each share.

A brokerage of 3d. per share will be paid to Brokers on allotments made on applications stamped with the name of a Stock and Share Broker.

Prospectuses may be obtained from the Company's Bankers, and London Brokers, at the branch shops of Boots Cash Chemists, or at the office of the Company, Station Street, Nottingham.

The Directors retain the right of allotting any shares applied for, or of declining to allot, or of allotting a smaller number of shares than applied for, to any applicant. No allotment will be made of less than ten shares.

This Prospectus has been filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies.

Dated 23rd September, 1908.

	Company Established	Shares in Public hands (March 31, 1908)	Reserve Funds	Deprecia- tion Fund	Chemists' Provident Fund	Con- tingency Fund	Net Profit from Balance Sheet, March 31, 1908	Carried forward to 1909	Amount required for one year's Dividends excluding Ordinary Shares
Boots Pure Drug Co., Limited	1888	100,000 Six per cent. £1 "C" Preference Shares 120,000 Seven per cent. "A" Pref. Ord. Shares 238,993 Seven per cent. "B" Pref. Ord. Shares	£ 94,606	£ 52,137	£ 3,417	£ 16,105	£ 53,139	£ 21,940	£ 33,168
Boots Cash Chemists (Eastern) Limited	1832	100,000 Six per cent. £1 1st Preference Shares 100,000 Five per cent. £1 2nd Preference Shares	£ 74,361	£ 47,899	£ 15,560	£ 4,683	£ 23,164	£ 10,518	£ 11,000
Boots Cash Chemists (Western) Limited	1897	90,000 Six per cent. £1 Preference Shares 50,000 Six per cent. £1 2nd Preference Shares	£ 11,069	£ 26,738	£ 5,407	£ 6,625	£ 17,220	£ 14,250	£ 8,400
Boots Cash Chemists (Lancashire) Limited	1839	100,000 Six per cent. £1 Preference Shares 50,000 Six per cent. £1 2nd Preference Shares	£ 10,589	£ 26,647	£ 5,115	£ 4,374	£ 16,310	£ 11,407	£ 9,000
Boots Cash Chemists (Southern) Limited	1901	175,000 Six per cent. £1 Preference Shares 100,000 Six per cent. £1 2nd Preference Shares	£ 15,745	£ 40,886	£ 4,390	£ 2,702	£ 122,904	£ 12,373	£ 16,500
TOTAL RESERVES, &c., OF THE FIVE COMPANIES - - -			205,970	194,307	33,889	34,494	70,488	78,068	

TOTAL NET PROFIT OF THE FIVE COMPANIES FOR ONE YEAR after providing for all Interest and Charges £132,737

† The difference between these figures of net profit (£132,737) and those given in the Auditor's certificate (£25,919) arises from the payment of interest on money borrowed, which will be saved by the present issue, and, therefore, available as additional profit for distribution as dividends, &c.

PROSPECTUS.**BOOTS CASH CHEMISTS (SOUTHERN) LIMITED.****ISSUE OF 100,000 "C" PREFERENCE SHARES,**

Being part of a Series of 300,000 like Shares.

Registered Capital - - - £700,000**DIVIDED INTO**

275,000 £1 Six per cent. "A" Preference Shares	£175,000
100,000 £1 Six per cent. "B" Preference Shares	100,000
300,000 £1 Six per cent. "C" Preference Shares	300,000
125,000 £1 Ordinary Shares	125,000
	£700,000

CAPITAL ALREADY ISSUED.

275,000 "A" Preference Shares	£175,000
100,000 "B" Preference Shares	100,000
40,000 Ordinary Shares	40,000
	£315,000

PRESENT ISSUE.

100,000 "C" Preference Shares	100,000
	£415,000

Boots Cash Chemists were the first firm to supply on an adequate scale the demand of the public for high-class chemists' articles at reasonable prices. The immense success of their business is a matter of public knowledge. Their practice of fitting up first-class shops and stocking them with drugs and chemicals of the best quality, with each branch under the management of a duly qualified chemist, has proved as great a success in London and the Southern Counties as it had previously been in the Midlands and Northern Districts. The business of Boots Cash Chemists (Southern) Limited has therefore grown to such an extent that the assets (exclusive of goodwill and after due depreciation) amounted on the 31st March, 1908, to £410,691, as compared with £135,362 in the year 1901, an increase of £275,329, towards which only £155,000 new capital has been issued during that

This Form must be sent entire to the National Provincial Bank of England Limited, Nottingham, or any of the Branches of that Bank, or to the Office of the Company, Station Street, Nottingham.

This Form of Application for Shares may be used.

BOOTS CASH CHEMISTS (SOUTHERN) LTD.

To the Directors of Boots Cash Chemists (Southern) Limited.

Having paid to the Company's Bankers the sum of £..... at the Offices of the Company the sum of £..... being payment in full for £1 Six per Cent. "C" Preference Shares in the above-named Company at 21s. 6d. each (including 1s. 6d. per share premium), I hereby request you to allot me such shares, and I agree to accept the same or any less number that may be allotted to me, upon the terms and conditions of the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company.

Signature

Name in full
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